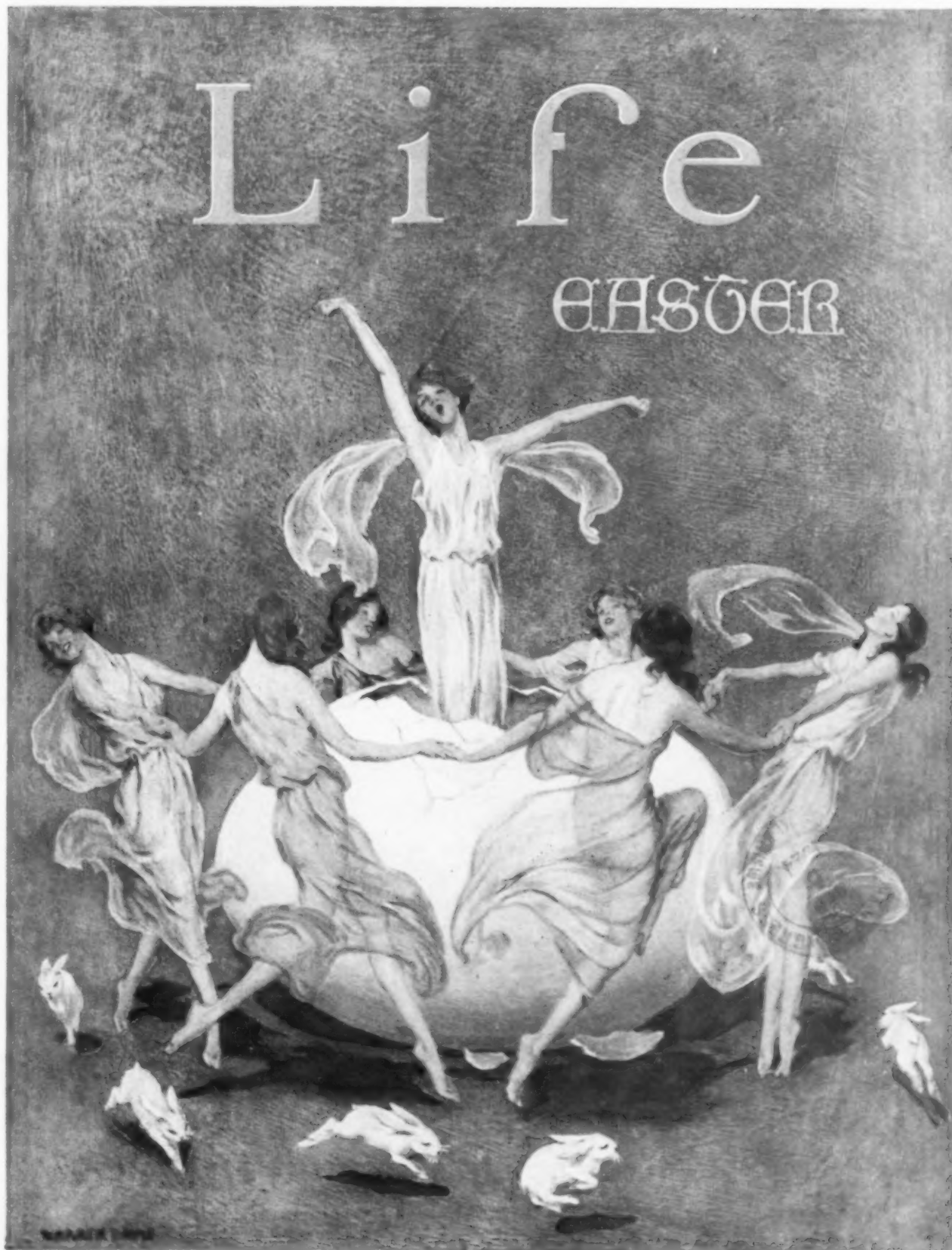


APRIL 3, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS

Life

EASTER





**Balloon
Tires**
that fit present rims

You can enjoy the epoch-making advantages of balloon tires right now without changing rims or wheels. Your Michelin Dealer can supply you immediately with Michelin Comfort Cords to fit your present rims without any change whatsoever (even in the size for Ford clincher rims).

Michelin Comfort Cords are twice as big as oversize cords but are inflated to less than half the pressure. This combination of large size and low pressure gives a degree of riding comfort such as you never thought possible. Every road becomes a boulevard; and the car is so completely protected from jars and jolts that experts estimate its life will be increased as much as 50%.

Michelin Comfort Cords last longer than ordinary cord tires and cost hardly any more. The sooner you change to them the more you will profit. See your Michelin Dealer now.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.

MICHELIN

Comfort Cords



Good Luck Charms

Cartier Inc.

Pearls

Rare Jewels

Jewelled Novelties

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New York*

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*London
175 New Bond Street*

*A Gift Booklet will be sent
upon request*



There's Method in His Madness

This aggrieved gentleman has just been informed by the Dealer that he can't have his copy of this week's

Life

"All sold out," she told him sweetly. Think of it! And he a regular reader of LIFE for the past goodness-knows-how-many years. It's enough to make any man hoppin' mad.

The same thing might happen to you. The only way you can prevent it is by becoming a Regular Subscriber for LIFE *now*. If you have never subscribed before, try our special offer, ten issues for a Dollar, and see what a difference it makes to get LIFE regularly.

Obey that Impulse

LIFE
598 Madison
Avenue,
New York City

Here's my Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40).
You know better than I what
to do with it. I hope you get me.
I want to get you.

2206

One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

Coming

BASEBALL NUMBER
BOOTLEGGERS' NUMBER
CONVENTION NUMBER

'Tis Spring

(After Consulting the Seasonal Bulletin of the Textile Color Card Association of the United States.)

'Tis spring...Obedient to the law
Authority lays down,
Yon lilac bush, which last we saw
Arrayed in Coolidge Brown,
Changes her raiment, and is seen
Suitably clad in Pine Drew Green.

'Tis spring...The cheerful robin hops
About the sunlit yard,
And, with the rest of Nature, stops
To scan the Color Card.
Across the robin's breast is spread
The proper shade of Lacquer Red.

'Tis spring...Above the garden mold
The flowers come smiling through;
And some of them are Inca Gold,
And some are Pung Chow Blue.
The woodlands and the fields evince
The Eighty-Eight Official Tints.

The seasons steadily progress
In orderly array,
And regulate their outward dress
By what the experts say.
Now Chinese hues are quite the thing;
Bright colors will be worn....'Tis
spring!

S. K.

The Parks' Best Friend

THE park authorities of the great city of New York were rapidly descending to the low levels of despair.

They had tried everything—appeals, persuasion, force—and the mob still continued to litter the manicured landscape with newspapers.

"If we could only touch their sense of civic pride," sighed the park commissioner. "Pride in their own community."

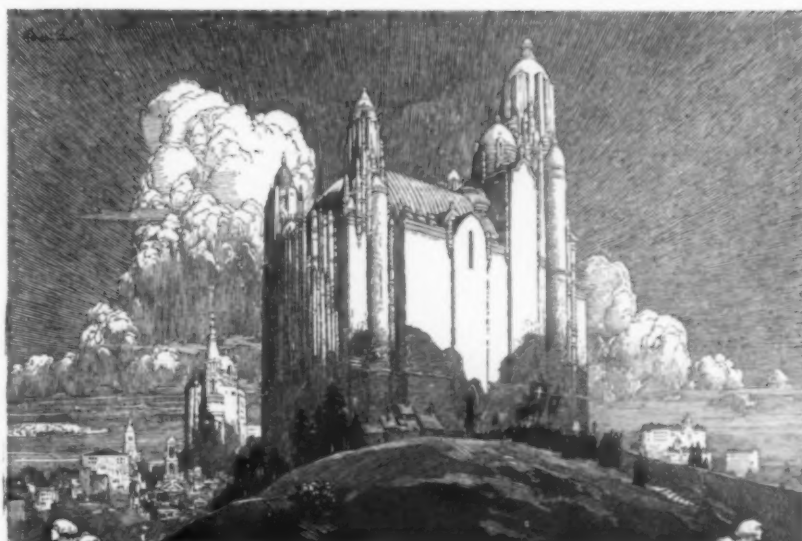
"Ha, ha!" was the sole comment of his deputies. It was a mirthless laugh. They were experienced, disillusioned men.

And then, unbidden and unannounced, a stranger entered the room.

"I'll solve your problem," he said crisply. "I am solving it. Give me but time, gentlemen, and New York will cease to throw newspapers upon its parks, for the excellent reason that there will be no more newspapers to throw. Every few months I bring that consummation nearer. Every few months I ease your official burden. Give me but time, gentlemen. I am your best friend. Nobody—not even the New York public—can wrap sandwiches, sausages and bananas in a newspaper that has quit publication."

The stranger's eyes glowed like those of a mediæval crusader. It was Frank A. Munsey.

A. H. F.



THE SUPREME MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Inspiration was the earliest mission of the organ. Skillful builders gave it a sonorous majesty of tone befitting the dignity and reverence of great cathedrals. Others, following after, gave it a wider range. They added lighter and more delicate tones. They endowed it with the powers of great symphonic orchestras, made of it many instruments in one, able to render lilt-ing melody or solemn recessional with equal grace and fluency.

Because of these qualities the organ today is esteemed not only in the house of worship but wherever people gather for fellowship and the delights of music. In the home, the theatre, the concert hall, the club and the hotel, it holds a place unrivalled by any other instrument.

Confidence in the organ builder is the first step toward selecting a pipe organ for any purpose. Each Estey Pipe Organ is designed and built for its place and its use by a house which has been making organs for seventy-five years.

Estey Organ Company

Brattleboro, Vermont



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Instrument

EASY PAYMENTS

Conn instruments are used and endorsed by the world's great artists—in bands and orchestras.

Exclusive features make them

- easiest to play
- beautiful in tone
- perfect in scale
- most reliable in action—slide, valve or key
- handsome in design

Conn is the only maker of every instrument used in the band.

Hydraulic expansion of tubing, Conn's original patented process, insures perfect proportions—as smooth-as-glass carriage for sound waves.

Profit and pleasure for you with a Conn.



Charles Fry, Philadelphia (above) and Duke Yellman, famous jazz orchestra directors who endorse Conn as supreme

Play the instrument of the artists. Insist upon the genuine Conn.

All the exclusive Conn features are yours at no greater cost than for ordinary instruments. Highest Honors at World Expositions.

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At the Conference Table

THE chairs in the conference room were comfortable, and little Mr. Stencil was weary.

He hadn't said much, but he had done a lot of intensive listening, which is even more exhausting.

Again the chairman was saying, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, we are not getting anywhere." It was at least the fifteenth time he had made the remark. And for the fifteenth time that afternoon the remark did not do the slightest good.

They were wing chairs, those about the conference table, and Mr. Stencil leaned his little gray head against the friendly velour and closed his eyes....

Strange how the chairman's complexion was changing. He had suddenly become swarthy. And his clothing, too, was different. It was quite barbaric. He had on very little indeed, but he was still waving his arms and talking.

All about him were talking, also, and waving their arms. But they were no longer in the conference room. They were near the top of a great cone of masonry, and everywhere there were huge blocks of stone. Mr. Stencil recognized the place at once. He had seen a picture of it, many a time, in the old family Bible. It was the Tower of Babel.

The confusion grew worse and worse, until work stopped utterly. Everybody was talking at once. Men shouted angrily. Nobody could get the other fellow's viewpoint. Each thought the other fellow a hopeless lunatic. Mr. Stencil felt singularly at home.

And then there came a terrific bang, as if some one had smitten a table with a gavel, and Mr. Stencil heard once more above the din, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, we are not getting anywhere." The Tower of Babel was gone. He was back in the conference room.

"Been asleep, Stencil?" asked big Mr. Blotz. "Sensible man!"

"Nope, not at all," said little Mr. Stencil. "Nothing like that. I've just been attending the world's first conference!"

April Asperities

"I wish when we go to California for the winter we could stay until winter is over."

"Letting the furnace go out by the calendar is all right for the man of the house. He goes downtown to a nice warm office. But how about his wife and children?"

"Yes; we are going to have a garden this year and you are going to make it."

"Playing golf? I thought you said this morning you were coming home early to put up the screens."

"If you don't like housecleaning you know where you can go."

Enables the natural figure to achieve all the grace and symmetry of the Eastern Dancing Girl or the Spanish Gypsy

Oriental

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



THE ORIENTAL (trademark) is the new and beautiful undergarment designed for young girls who do not wear a corset

\$2 to \$10

Ask for it in Corset Departments

Made exclusively by the Warner Brothers Company, originators of WRAP-AROUND (trademark) and CORSELETTE (trademark). 347 Madison Ave., New York; 367 W. Adams St., Chicago; 28 Geary St., San Francisco; 356 St. Antoine Street, Montreal

To nourish the skin

A FUNDAMENTAL step in the famous skin treatments given by Elizabeth Arden in her Salons is the patting with VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD. Use this at home to nourish the hungry tissues, firm the underlying muscles of the skin, fill out fine lines and crepiness, and keep the skin smooth and well cared for. Excellent for a thin, wrinkled or aging face. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75.

If you cannot come to Elizabeth Arden's Salon for personal treatments, write for her book on the care of the skin at home according to her method.

Elizabeth Arden

673-A Fifth Avenue, New York
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GET FREE FACTS ABOUT
SILVER FOX

Industry or send one dollar for blue print of ranch, etc.

30 E. W. 34th St., J. P. Duffus Silver Fox Store, New York, N. Y.





A Beautiful Estate At Lake Forest, Ill.

Mower Perfection Means Lawn Perfection

—A Mechanical Masterpiece, designed by expert engineers and entirely built in one factory devoted exclusively to the manufacture of power mowers.



**Jacobsen
4-Acre
Power Lawn
Mower**

On private lawns, from half acre up, on large estates, country places, golf courses, parks and cemeteries—wherever it is used, the Jacobsen 4-Acre Power Lawn Mower makes friends. It wins repeatedly in trial tests and demonstrations, against other power mowers. It is praised by men who have had experience with all kinds, and is repeatedly replacing other mowers after its demonstration of superior performance.

Jacobsen 4-Acre Power Lawn Mower

A fast, efficient and economical mower that soon pays for itself in labor saved, because it cuts fully four acres a day on one gallon of gas.

Handles as easily as a hand mower, with four or five times greater capacity, and does better work. It steers easily in and out among flower beds, shrubs, trees, etc. A mechanic is not necessary to operate it.

The sturdy motor not only runs cutting reel but propels the mower.

You do not have to push or drag. Traction wheels operate independently of the cutting reel when necessary to travel over walks, roadways, etc. A score of other interesting and superior features of Jacobsen 4-Acre Power Lawn Mowers are explained in the handsome free book. Write for it today.

Our Special Jacobsen Estate Mower is a wonder for especially fine medium size lawns.

Write for the handsomely illustrated free book; describes the machines fully; pictures many beautiful lawns and gives testimonials of prominent users.



**Write For This
Valuable Book**

A Few of Its Mechanical Refinements

Knives sharpened by mower's own power without removing reel from mower.

Enclosed gear transmission running in oil bath.

Miniature automobile type of differential—easy steering.

If sticks or stones catch in blades, reel clutch is thrown off before knives are damaged.

JACOBSEN MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. N, Racine, Wis.



"MOTHER, DEAR, I HOPE GOD'LL NOTICE OUR NEW EASTER HATS."

McCutcheon's

Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Streets, N. Y.

Handkerchiefs For Easter Gifts

BY your gifts you reveal your taste—or lack of it! But there's never any question about the appropriateness of fine linen Handkerchiefs. And there's never any question about the quality when they come in a box that bears the McCutcheon Spinning Wheel.

You can choose from a host of different styles of hand embroidered, hand initialed, or lace edged Handkerchiefs for women. Of course, there is someone who will like best one of the brilliantly colored bits of linen that are enjoying such a vogue this season. And you can easily please the men in your circle with one or a dozen of the initialed, corded, or taped Handkerchiefs with hemstitched or rolled hems.

Maillard

NEW YORK



All
good stores

MENTHE MELANGE

*Mixture 15 Mints
Delightfully Refreshing*



When Lent Is Over, With
the Coming of Easter,
Make It a Practice to
Read

Life

regularly. "Get the Habit" is no idle phrase. Methodical people accomplish much in this world. For our summer programme, if we get the habit of having a good laugh that brightens us all through, each week, a naturally cheerful, hopeful view point will soon develop. The world will look less blue and our summer will do us lots of good, and Readers of *LIFE with Its Laugh on Every Page* are sure of that good laugh with every issue! Try it yourself for six months, or try our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send *LIFE* for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60

(123)

The Same Old Story

BACK in the Paleozoic Age,

Back in the dawn of time,

When beasts with unpronounceable names
Played rollicking, frolicking primitive games

In the antediluvian slime,

Before his cave sat a primitive man

Who was known to his neighbors as Fred.

As he whittled away on a fragment of bone

He mumbled and grumbled in dolorous tone,

And these were the words that he said:

"Well, things ain't like they useter be.

Them good old days is past.

The young folks now act much too free,

Them flappers is too fast.

A flint ain't worth a flint no more,

It makes me feel quite sad

To think them good old days is o'er

Like when I was a lad."

Then, in the golden age of Rome,

When Augustus ruled as Lord,

And the Roman Imperial eagles held thrall

With their legions the regions from Egypt to Gaul

By the might of the buckler and sword,

Before his house sat a Roman knight,

He was known to his neighbors as Ned,

And he growled as he gazed upon orchard and vine,

And he quaffed a big draught of Falernian wine,

And in excellent Latin he said:

"Well, *res* ain't like they *fuert*nt.

Them *bonae* days has went.

Too fresh these young *puellae sunt*

For this here Roman gent.

Sesterces now are under par,

It makes me feel quite sad,

I weep to think how worse things are

Than when I was a lad."

And now in the good old United States,

In this present year—A. D.,

Where the flivver, the phone and the talking machine,

The jolly old trolley, and cinema screen

Bring pleasure to you and to me,

Upon his porch an American sits

Who is known to his neighbors as Seth,

And his paper he reads as he sits at his ease,

And he swears as he glares at the news that he sees,

And he angrily growls 'neath his breath:

"Well, things ain't like they useter be.

This land has gone to pot.

A good sound thrashin', seems to me,

Would help these kids a lot.

A dollar's worth a quarter now,

And things look pretty bad,

Yes, times have grown much worse, somehow,

Since when I was a lad."

N. L.

Humanisms

"THE most dangerous girl," said the psychologist, permitting himself a dignified twinkle, "is the one who makes every man think she thinks he thinks he isn't good-looking."

To have a person agree with everything we say is worse than living alone.

People who have nothing to say shouldn't go to the theatre to say it.

Jilted

Of course it had been said in a thoroughly tender manner, couched in terms of extreme kindness and sympathy, yet there could be no possible mistake as to its full significance. It meant "the end." He would soon meet some other girl, she told him, who would captivate him on the spot, and it would not be long before he would cease to remember that "she" had ever existed. Surely it was all for the best. She was not worth worrying about, anyway—a selfish, egotistical little creature, with not a thought for another than herself. Indeed, he ought to be happy never to set eyes upon her again.

They had been fond of the same things, it was true, which fact had quite naturally drawn them together, and, what was more, they had cherished the same dislikes. He had always been most considerate, gracious and good-hearted, and she liked him very, very much. As for loving him, however, that was out of the question. There could really never be anything between them.

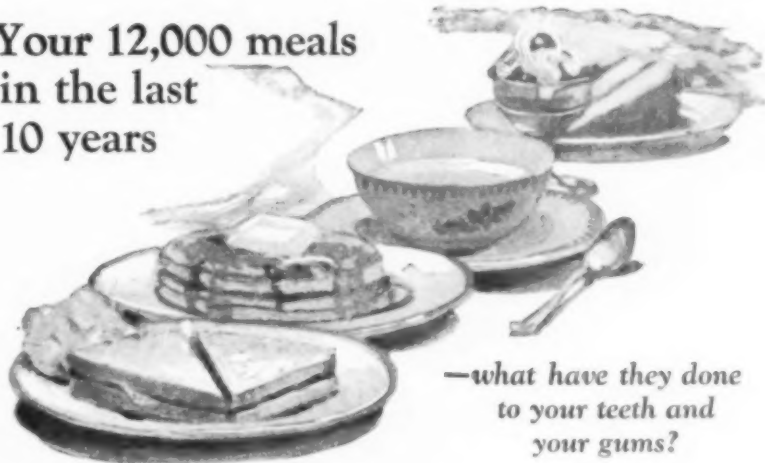
It was her fault, she admitted. Oh, yes, it was all her fault, and, of course, she felt that she should also tell him that there was another. Yes, some one who could give her something that "he" never could. There was a certain spark—well, anyway, she could never feel that way about him.

The young man gazed fixedly at the carpet and muttered something incoherent. Then, with a tremulous "good-by," he turned and passed out of the room. The front door closed behind him and he found himself in the street. Unsteadily, he walked to the nearest lamp-post, which he leaned against for support. Then he began to reflect. Who, in the name of seven pink giraffes, would ever have guessed that she was going to spring this on him when he had called with the express purpose of telling her precisely the same story, himself? C. G. S.



Pilot (preparing for sky-writing):
DON'T STRAP THE HELMET TOO
TIGHTLY UNDER THE CHIN, I CAN'T
WRITE UNLESS I CAN PUT MY
TONGUE OUT!
—Passing Show (London).

Your 12,000 meals in the last 10 years



—what have they done
to your teeth and
your gums?

THE TROUBLE you have with your teeth and your gums can be traced directly to the food you eat.

Three times a day, thirty days a month, all year 'round, you eat the soft food of civilization—rich, creamy and over-refined.

People who eat rough, coarse food never in their lives suffer from pyorrhea. Coarse food is good for gums and teeth. It keeps them in condi-

tion, for it stimulates blood circulation in the gums.

How soft food weakens gums and ruins teeth

But the trouble with present day food and with ordinary brushing is one and the same. Neither stirs up the gums to healthy circulation. That's why you need Ipana, a tooth paste which stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth.

Use Ipana Tooth Paste—good for tender gums

IT is because of the increasing prevalence of troubles from the *gingiva* (gum structure) that thousands of dentists have adopted Ipana Tooth Paste in their practice and prescribe it to their patients. Many dentists, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Because of the presence of ziralto, a well-known and valuable antiseptic and hemostatic, Ipana has a direct tonic effect on soft and bleeding gums. Indeed, Ipana has become known as the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush, and the

friend of healthy gums and teeth.

So that you may judge for yourself its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and clean taste, we shall be delighted to send you a trial sample of Ipana.

Try a tube of Ipana today

But the effects of years are not to be repaired in ten days of good care, and the sample tube will be only the start of good work. So, if your toothbrush "shows pink," or if your gums are tender, go to your druggist and get your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference, the improvement. Let it start its good work today.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers
of Sal Hepatica



A trial tube, enough to last you
for ten days, will be sent gladly
if you will forward coupon below.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N4
42 Rector Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA
TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation
on my part.

Name
Address
City State

A sprightly foot is a difficult thing to hold within a fine stocking. It is constantly seeking to escape. Phoenix has become the best selling hosiery in all the world, because it successfully holds captive even the most strenuous feet, over long and comfortable miles. Its artful reinforcements are where they are most needed. The standard hosiery for sprightly feet of men, women and children, everywhere.

PHOENIX

HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

APR -1 1924

Life



BREAKING IT GENTLY

"I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU THE BISHOP IS WITH US AND SO THE MENU WILL HAVE TO BE STRICTLY LENTEN."

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. *Un au!* IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST."



HOUSE-TO-HOUSE TALK

"GOING UP?"

"NO, GOING DOWN."

My Husband Says

THAT Easter has a deeper meaning than that of an occasion for wearing a new straw hat.

Of course I love the lilies and the special music and everything, but one has to buy a spring hat *sometime*.

I met the minister's wife and she told me she hadn't had a *whole* new hat for fourteen years and she thought it would be heavenly to own two at a time so she wouldn't know which to wear.

But she was so charming one never thought of her clothes.

Mrs. Keene says she always has two

sent out on approval and wears the one she likes the less. She thinks one should cultivate a spirit of humility at that time, and she returns it next day.

My husband says I must not do that, but he wishes I would use judgment in my selection.

He says that, next to hats on Easter, most of our minds seem to run to ham and eggs.

He thinks it is wonderful to know that so many people are eating them at the same time with such unity of purpose.

L. Blanche Simpson.

Life Lines

NOW is the time for the woman in politics to begin to think seriously about throwing last year's Easter hat into the ring.

—JL

President Coolidge's hearty endorsement of kindness to dumb animals should not put any ideas into the heads of dark horses.

—JL

Exportation of whisky from Scotland is about to decrease—but there will be no shortage of Scotch here so long as the label printers hold out.

—JL

No wonder that Washington statesmen do not wish to recognize the government of Russia. They shoot the political grafters over there.

—JL

The subject of surtaxes is no doubt important, but up to date we have observed no fist fights in the street between a 44.6 per center and a believer in 33.33.

—JL

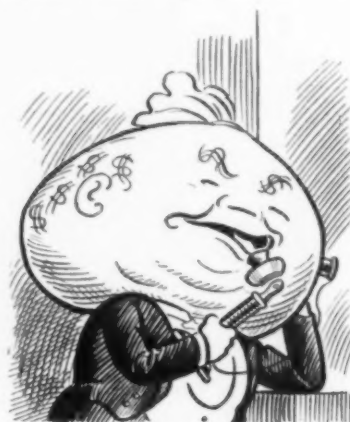
The world peace movement progresses. French and German pugilists have agreed to resume friendly relations in the prize ring.

—JL

We are hourly expecting the revelation that Hiram Johnson has oil-cloth on his kitchen table.

—JL

The English champion golfers are coming to America soon, returning last spring's visit of their American colleagues. Hands across the tee!



"HELLO! IS THIS YOU, SATAN? THIS IS MONEY TALKING. WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS TO-DAY?"

Spring in New York

GOOD morning, bright City!
Unutterably pretty,
With your eyes shining in the April
air!
I see you there,
A vision, a dream, a girl in a lovely
gown. . . .
And yesterday
You were tired, and drab, and gray—
Just a dull old town.

But this morning!—well,
Some miracle
Has happened. You are debonair,
And young as the April weather.
I do not quite know whether
You are conscious of your beauty.
Every square,
Every flaming street
Hears the soft tread of rapturous
feet;
For Spring has come down
From the country to the old town,
And her silver shoes trip lightly on the
stones,
And an old hag, with dry old bones,
Has vanished in a twinkling. In her
place
Is a young girl with a lovely face
And all of April's glamour and grace.

Good morning, bright City!
Charles Hanson Towne.

Famous Falls

TEACHER: What are the most famous falls in America?
PUPIL: Niagara and Albert B.



"OH, HELLO, MONEY, NO ORDERS. YOU'RE DOING GOOD WORK—JUST KEEP THEM CHASING AFTER YOU, I'LL DO THE REST."



BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCH

"MILLIONS ON THE TABLECLOTH—AND FIFTEEN CENTS FOR ME."

Flummery Sec

THE way to make Prohibition popular is to put soft drinks on a vintage basis. When the genial host can say to the guests gathered festively about his board or sideboard, "Ah, here's some real Veuve Sarsaparilla, 1906. Look at the dust on the bottle. Been lying in my cellar all these years"—then anti-Barleycorn beverages will have come into their own.

The language of liquors is sentimental. It is fragrant with allusions to sunny climes and revered old age. One's eyes fill with tears as one speaks of dear old Uncle Edmund, who brought over this sherry from Portugal in 1870. Even the spiders that spun antique lingerie about this bottle are thought of as being somehow apart from the ordinary run of insects. Uncles and spiders are ennobled by being related to such sherry.

Similar romance will have to be built up for the Vol-steady drinkers. Effervescent innocence should be put up in dated bottles, so that he who uncorks—or rather, unflips—may exclaim proudly, "Lemon Seltzer, 1918. My! but the lemons were sour in that year." Or, "Ginger Ale, 1912. What a ripping season that

was for roots down in the bogs of Jamaica!" Then you'll see the temperance toppers smack their lips and twitch their ears.

You can picture the knowing wink with which the bon vivant will command his butler, "Bring out that special decanter," and proceed to fill up his friends' glasses with some of the real old birch beer that his dear departed Aunt Nettie brought over on the Sahara.

So prepare for the future by stocking your cellar now. Turn the spiders loose on a few dozen magnums of vanilla soda. And don't neglect to plan now for little Johnny's wedding twenty years hence by laying down a choice flagon of raspberry pop.

Lawton Mackall.

Americanization

WHEN Europe has finally absorbed our progressive business ideas, we shall hear the Swiss Board of Trade announcing, "Come and See Our Alps—They Are High as Peter's Chocolate in Quality"; and the Gibraltar Boosters' Association will advertise the fact that their rock "Has the Strength of the Prudential Insurance Company."

"VERY religious, isn't she?"

"Rather. She'd go to church Easter even if it rained."



"MOTHER, I WANT YOU TO MEET KID O'LEARY, THE GUY
I OWE MY LEFT HOOK TO."

The Poser

(Why Doesn't He Say What He Means?)

WHEN he loses his job he announces that he has resigned and that his plans for the future have not been determined.

When he goes to see any one about a new job, he describes it as a personal matter.

When he travels, it is on either the Twentieth Century Limited or the Broadway Limited. He always refers to them as "The Century" and "The Broadway."

In summer, he never has anything for lunch except crackers and milk. Never, that is, except when you lunch with him, when he has clams, cold salmon with mayonnaise, iced coffee and strawberry shortcake.

He follows the market more closely than Jesse Livermore, to hear him tell it, and knows all the stocks by their nicknames.

He has forgotten how many times he has seen this year's Follies.

He dresses a beautiful game of golf.

He hates publicity—but subscribes to a clipping bureau, "just to follow the game."

He thinks it ought to be spelled "*poscur*." R. D.

A Freud Cat

PRUE: Don't you think she suffers from a superiority complex?

SUE: No, her friends do.



CONSIDER THE LILIES



Life's Horoscope for 1924

Cast by Georgius Capella
Charted by Hogarthus, the Younger

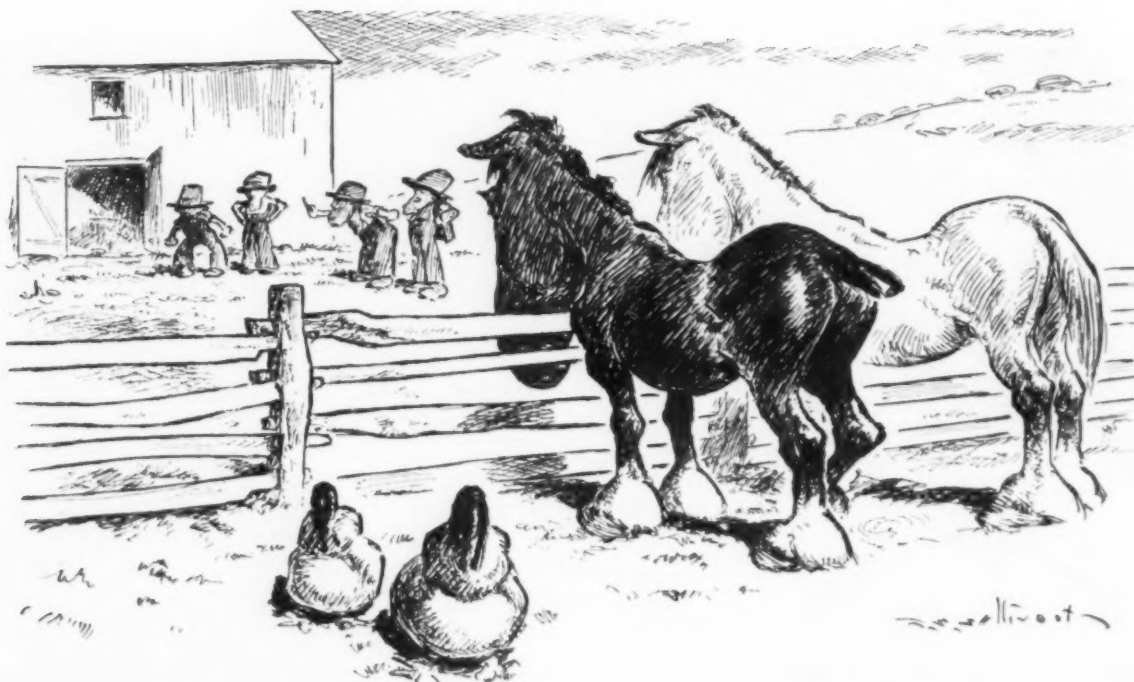
Now Cometh April, the Fourth Month, which is under the Sign of Taurus, the Bull, a fruitful Sign and friendly to all Growing Things of the Earth. Spring is at last in the Ascendant, Flowers and Poets bloom in their corners, Storm-Doors are being put away and Country Dwellers talk of Cold-Frames and the most recent Radish. Frogs pipe from the Fens and a Wren, a-top the Ash-Can, sings the Victory of Life over Decay.

On the First Day will be observed All-Fools' Day when We are reminded of our true Estate. Let grave Men keep to-house on this Day lest they be made to appear as Clowns, for many a Merchant will walk to his Counting House wearing an Asses Tail to his Coat.

The Planet Venus will be Evening Star throughout the Month and romantick Notions will craze Many, for these are the Days of Dalliance and the Month of Mating for Men and Maids as for other Birds. A morning's Walk will discover a dozen Petting Parties and the Ether will be alive with Baby-Talk.

In the Fields of Sport will be much To-do, a great Clamour will arise from our Ball-Parks and, in many Homes, a sound of Weeping where Women take leave of their Husbands who go forth for the Season's Golfing.

On the Twentieth Day will be celebrated the joyous Feast of Easter Day with much Cheer in Men's Hearts. Rabbits will bring bright gifts from the Fields, Hens will lay Eggs of wondrous Hue, Ladies will deck their Heads with gay Bonnets and say to their Men, See this brave Neck-piece I have bought for You; Come, We shall all to Church. At Dawn the Heavens will threaten Rain and the Weather Man will be roundly cursed, but ere Matins are sung the Sun will flood All and a great Throng will fare forth to vie with one another in Graciousness and Glad Apparel.



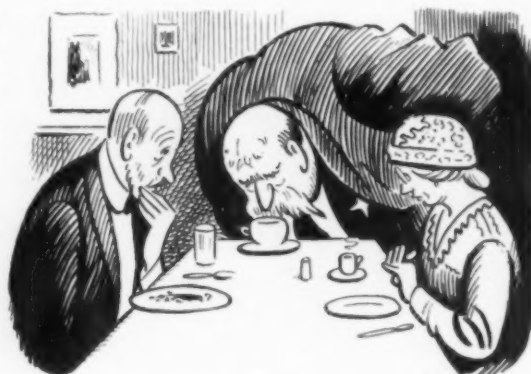
Dark Horse: WELL, ANYHOW, EB, THEY AIN'T TOOK TO PITCHING AUTOMOBILE TIRES YET.

Mr. Ruffles Attends Easter Service

- 11:00 A. M. Mr. Ruffles enters church with wife as result of losing argument on whether they should go or not.
- 11:02. Looks around interestedly to see who are there, until wife nudges him and whispers instructions to bow his head in prayer.
- 11:05. Finds hymn that has been announced. Is pleased to learn that he knows most of second bass. Sings very loudly and wonders whether those near him notice what excellent harmony he is producing. Comes out particularly *bel canto* on the "A-men."
- 11:10. Sits patiently through reading of text and announcements. Speculates as to how long it will be before sermon.
- 11:20. Nearly catches fly that has incautiously ventured on back of pew ahead. Is interrupted by jab from wife.
- 11:30. Discovers small board near pulpit with number of next hymn to be sung. Turns to tune indicated. Hums second bass gently, but stops suddenly as woman in pew ahead turns to glare at him.
- 11:32. Sings hymn in question with rest of congregation, but does not do so well.

- 11:40. Settles down to listen to sermon. Minister's words remind him of something. Leans over to whisper to wife. She frowns at him and he subsides.
- 11:52. Has about decided minister never will finish. Begins to count electric light bulbs in chandeliers.
- 12:02. Is still counting them when wife pulls his sleeve to call his attention to the fact that others are praying.
- 12:10. Short discussion with Mrs. Ruffles as to how much he shall put in the plate. Makes witticism about the honesty of the ushers. Wishes his wife had been born with a sense of humor.
- 12:25. Service over, he meets friend on way out. Comments on the "splendid sermon."
- 12:27. Leaves for home with wife, listening to her lecture upon etiquette in the church. Decides that he is a misunderstood husband and lets it go at that.

Tracy Hammond Lewis.



YES, IT IS A BIT HUMILIATING WHEN A PERFECTLY RESPECTABLE LAW-ABIDING COUPLE ARE SUSPECTED BY THE PROHIBITION DETECTIVE.

Money Matter

THE world is so full of a number of things, no wonder the Almighty Dollar has wings.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

**March
27th**

Lay late, pondering how little American stock is left in our land, as I do always after reading the list of injured when a sidewalk caves in or a train is derailed, and now I am resolved to be more active in the patriotic societies, albeit my husband threatens me with divorce if my name gets into the headlines... This morning I did call upon the neighbors whose rear windows I see from my bedroom to learn if they would allow me to present them with flower boxes, and all agreed gladly, and were pleased at my promise to put some on my own ledges. And I asked in especial for the sweet little girl whom I saw playing on the fire escape all last autumn, and was exceeding cast down when they told me she had died during the winter. Thence to luncheon at the Crillon with Zelda Sears, the playwright, and we talked on many subjects, finding ourselves in surprising accord. And when I marveled aloud that our number of fires is not at all in proportion to the carelessness of tipsy cigarette smokers, Z. told me that one man who visits them in the country has burned up his bedclothes so many times that now when he comes the maid puts a fire extinguisher on his night table beside the water bottle.

**March
28th**

Surprised this day by a visit at an early hour from Lilla Hitchcock, the great flirt, who demanded the address of a good soothsayer, and she was in such a state about it that I managed to get out of her her reason for consulting an oracle, and it was to find out if Blair Whitin really cherishes a tender passion for her or is merely trifling. His office is but two squares away, quoth I. Why do you not step down and ask him? It will be not only cheaper, but more definite. But she did quit me at once, giving my raillery no heed, nor from what I know of Blair do I think she will land him, neither, the instance only strengthening the evidence that every Thais eventually meets her Athanael... Dinner this night at the Byfields', who are famed for serving poor fare in splendour, and Sam was loath to go, saying he had liefer have a dinner of herbs he could be sure of at home than chance being served to underdone stalled ox by seven footmen. Which reminded me of William Hurlbut's admission that the memory of what awaited him in his own ice box sustained him through many a meal eaten abroad. Lord! How few people know what good food is!

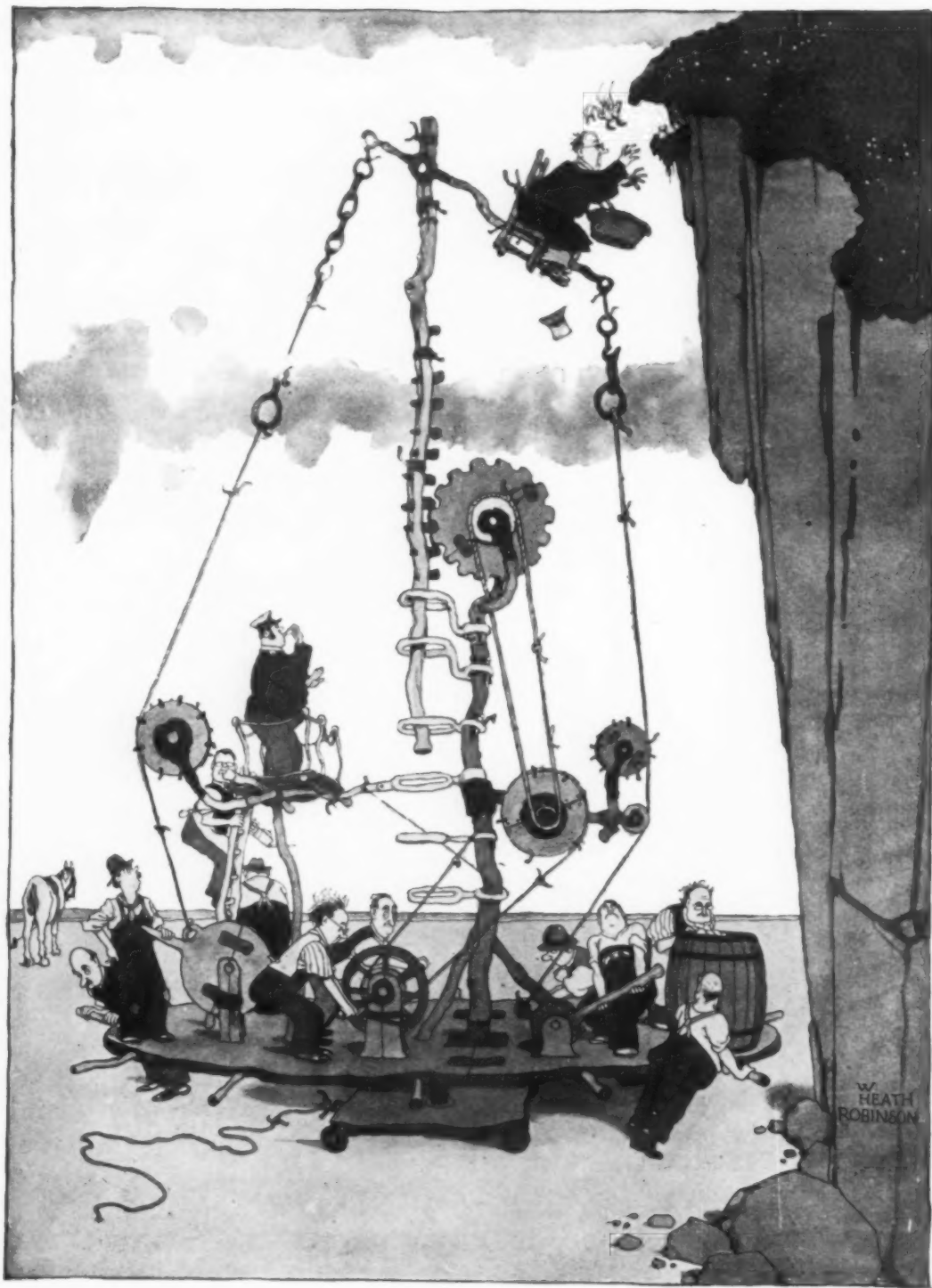
(Continued on page 39)



FINESSE

Friend: HAVE YOU DECIDED ON A NAME FOR THE BABY?

Mother: OH, YES, BUT I'M WAITING FOR HIS FATHER TO SUGGEST IT.



THE NEW MULTI-MOVEMENT MACHINE FOR GATHERING EASTER EGGS

LIFE'S War Prize Contest

Thousands of Peace-Weary Contestants Concoct Recipes for Starting New Conflict

ALTHOUGH suggestions are coming in from all sections of the country, giving plans, feasible and unfeasible, for the starting of another war, there seems to be a nation-wide unanimity in the belief expressed early in the contest by Booth Tarkington, that everything is being done by those in authority in the various countries of the world to snatch the glory of starting another war from LIFE and to keep it for themselves. So sure is John T. Brennan, of Salt Lake City, that another war is on its way that he requests that we send him the five hundred dollars at once, so that he can "buy a

lot of old junk to sell to the Government." In spite of the humor of the hundreds of burlesque suggestions which have come in, involving such features as that of Mr. Pat Frayne, of San Francisco, who suggests that in the event of a war with Turkey we substitute the name "Liberty chicken" in ordering Thanksgiving dinner, it should be understood that LIFE is quite serious in its offer, and that the prizes will be awarded to those plans which actually present a workable method for starting another war. Following are some that have a basis, at least, in plausibility.

God Is With Us

FIRST, let us join the League of Nations; then use our great moral influence for the promotion of an international agreement to make war only on the following conditions: (a) when the cause is one of Justice and Righteousness; (b) when the aggression is specifically endorsed by God, Gott, Gud, Dieu, Dio, Dios, Deus, Theos, Jumala, Isten, Dumnedeu, Khuda, Kami, Hotoke, Allah or Jehovah.

With this continuous and unfailing provocation, the machinations of the Scoffwars should be easily confounded.

ERNEST F. HUBBARD,
826 E. 180th Street,
New York City.

For Hire

LEASE the Army and Navy to private interests who will put some pep and action into them.

A. J. BAER,
638 Redondo Ave.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Battle Cry

If we are to halt this cruel Peace we must appeal to the populace. As I see it, Fellow Countrymen, but one thing is needed—a Slogan. Not a reason, you understand; no one on earth knows what the last war was about. But a battle-cry. I humbly submit one: 62-30 OR FIGHT!

I am perfectly aware that it doesn't mean anything, but sooner or later some Editor or Statesman or Clergyman or Literary Light will write a two-volume book defining it and then you will understand it clearly. It has various attributes: it can be applied to any enemy you happen to choose, it looks just like a *casus belli*, and it can be shouted, sung, sobbed or hissed (with a little practice). It will fit nicely into a one-column standing headline.

Nothing now remains but to pick a quarrel.

B. K. HART,
Journal Building, Providence, R. I.

Inclusive

HAVE a quantity of crude oil poured on the waters of some lake in the neighborhood of Berlin. Use publicity

to announce discovery of vast oil fields in Germany. American capitalists will immediately invest millions. France will occupy the district. To protect their interests, American capitalists will rehabilitate the German Army, inciting it to active resistance. Thus: a small War.



J. Selig, Munitions,
who is opposed to
all war on moral
grounds



Private Pete Miller,
wounded and shell-
shocked at Cantigny,
who condemns
peace plans as the
silly vapors of
weaklings and
morons



F. Herbert Simon,
Editorial Writer
and Patriot, who sees
the war spirit pro-
duced by the sys-
tematic use of
editorials, cartoons
and inspired news
stories



Corporal Eddie Hill,
wounded at Arras,
who brands dis-
armament as de-
generacy and deplors
its effect on the
moral fiber of the
rising generation



The Right Reverend
Percival Blah-Smith,
Clergyman and
Banqueteer, who
sees the effect of
another World War
on his digestion



Private Tom Betts,
blinded and gassed
in the Argonne,
who sees in
Chemical Warfare
the ideal method
of settling inter-
national differences

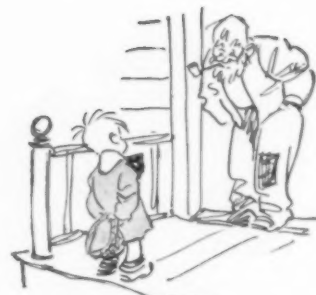
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD



Skippy: HOW IS MR. KRAUS-
MEYER TO-DAY?
"MUCH BETTER."
"THAT'S NICE."



Skippy: OH, WELL.



"I THOUGHT I'D DROP AROUND
AND SEE HOW MRS. COOPER WAS
FEELIN' THESE DAYS."
"SHE'S SITTIN' UP NOW."
"I THOUGHT MAYBE SHE
WASN'T."



Skippy: AND HOW IS MR. GROUT
TO-DAY?
"OH! OH! DR. DODDS SAYS HE'S
MUCH WORSE."
"I'LL COME AROUND AGAIN
TO-MORROW."



"DR. DODDS OUGHTA KNOW."



"MAYBE THERE'LL BE SOMETHING
IN DUGSTON."



"GEE!"



"WILIKENS!"



Skippy: I JUST SEEN YOUR AD
ON THE GATE.
"GO 'WAY! GO 'WAY!"



"HEY, CHIMMEY! VOO! HOO!"



Skippy: WELL, I SUPPOSE YA
HEARD THE LATEST! AFTER
EASTER ALL US CHOIR GINKS GET
DOUBLE PAY FOR SINGIN' AT
FUNERALS.

Skippy



Mr. Monk: IT BEATS ALL HOW MERCENARY SOME FOLKS ARE GETTING THESE DAYS! WHY, THERE'S BETTY CRANE AND SALLY SPOONBILL, WITH THEIR FEATHERS ALL TRIMMED, HIRING THEMSELVES OUT AS BONNETS FOR THE EASTER PARADE!

Complete Chart of the Earning Power of a Joke

Upward Curve

THE joke first appears in a column of newspaper paragraphs, the work of a contributor who signs himself "X. Y. Z." The author's only compensation is the thrill of seeing the initials in the column, but he is altogether satisfied.

The diligent office assistant of Eddie McGuffey, famous writer of vaudeville sure-fire stuff, clips the joke and hands it to his boss, achieving a bonus of \$10.

Mr. McGuffey writes an act around the joke and sells it to the Two Dry Martinis, known from coast to coast as "That Funny Duo," for \$500.

Morris Goldtree, the producer, likes the act so much that he has it elaborated into a musical comedy called "Apple Sauce," which runs forty weeks. The critics agree that "Apple Sauce" owed its success to the fact that it contained an original joke. Net yield to Mr. Goldtree, \$50,000.

Downward Curve

The theatrical market value of the joke is by this time nil, but by using it as a basis for one of his most delicately suggestive novelettes, a literary gentleman writing for the news-stand trade makes it look worth \$200 to the editor of *Zippy Stories*.

An anecdote attributing the joke to a former Supreme Court justice elicits a \$10 check from a trade journal.

The joke becomes a prime favorite with exchange editors all over the country, because it costs them nothing.

Stoddard King.

Glimpses of the Plot

(Provided There's a Chorus, a Hero, a Heroine, a Comedian and an Ingenue)

"AH! Here comes the Prince, now."

"No, nothing like that for me, girls. When I'm married, I'll lead the simple life."

"But I tell you, dear, it's all a mistake."

"To Paris! Very well, we'll all go to Paris."

"Now, remember, boys, not a word to Dolly."

"Lucy. (Pause.) That's the sweetest name to me in all the world."

"But it's always springtime when you're in love."

"I don't want a dazzling palace or a great castle. I'd be perfectly happy in just a little bungalow—with you."

"I know he's not rich, Mother, but I—I love him."

"That music. That strain. It reminds me of a certain girl I once knew."

"I only wanted to know, dear, if you really loved me."



LIFE

Questions and Answers

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WASHINGTON, March 29.—Some of my colleagues here in Washington feel that the Senate's task of investigating corruption and unrelated matters is nearing its end, and are already turning to a study of the voting strength of the various tax-reduction plans. Personally, I feel that their attitude is needlessly gloomy, and that with diligent effort we can uncover all sorts of people and topics to investigate before we are reduced to taking up serious matters.

For one thing

I note a growing disposition on the part of prominent men to feel slighted unless we drag them into some inquiry or other. I have received several whining letters from personages with political aspirations in my own state complaining of undue discrimination on the ground that, until an innocent man has been abused by an investigation committee and had his name knocked about in the Senate by Mr. Heflin, he has no chance for the public's sympathy whatever.

One fellow, I am informed, invariably lunches in the same restaurant as Mr. Doheny, in the hope of being seen by a Senator with the investigating instinct. And a man who intends to run for the governorship of his state has voluntarily submitted to us various letters and receipted bills proving his membership in Mr. Sinclair's golf club. To my mind, this is nothing less than propaganda.

The public,

I feel, has little idea of the strain that our self-imposed task of investigating the universe places on us. The mere physical strain of rushing from committee room to committee room, with now and then a look in at the Senate to see if Mr. Heflin has stopped talking, is of course tremendous. But the mental effort of keeping your mind jumping from one thing to another is even more wearing.

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AN INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE (SENATORS ROBINSON, WATSON, CURTIS, HEFLIN, HARRISON, CARAWAY, ASHURST) MAKING AN INVESTIGATION AS TO JUST WHAT IT IS THEY ARE INVESTIGATING.



A Dreadful Adventure

NOW, fie, for shame, I hate to tell
The tale I am about to quote:
The lovely lady, Mistress Nell,
Did lose her quilted petticoat!
She was a-crossing London Bridge,
Or some great bridge of equal fame,
And when she reached a certain ridge,
Why—down her quilted "petty" came.



Can you imagine such distress
As vexed the lovely lady Nell?
Perchance she wore a filmy dress
When her disloyal "petty" fell.
Perchance her stockings were awry,
Since stockings are not prone to stay,
It was enough to make her cry,
To have her "petty" act that way.

Now, was there not some gallant knight—
Some Walter Raleigh with a cape,
To screen the lady fair from sight,
And speed her home in fitting shape?
I must relate that every swain
Who her predicament did spy
Did cause the lady further pain
By laughing rudely, fit to die.



And what did lovely Nellie do?
She draped her skirt about her head
To hide her blushing cheeks from view.
The while to some retreat she sped.
Ah, shall we not in fitting way
Upon poor Nellie's anguish muse,
And thank our stars that now, to-day,
We have no petticoats to lose!

Mabel Houghton Collyer.





APRIL 3, 1924

VOL. 83. 2161

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
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PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, has had a birthday and has sustained a very considerable celebration of it.

He was ninety years old. That in itself is not so remarkable. Other people are as old as that. Dr. Eliot's sister is ninety-seven. What is remarkable is not that he has lived to be ninety, but that he has lived vigorously and vitally all the way up to that age and is still vitally alive and doing. To be merely alive at ninety is no great exploit, but to be a vigorous influence on human life at that age is something worth talking about.

Undoubtedly Dr. Eliot was made in the first place of extra strong and durable materials, but he has never let them rust, never let them stiffen or become torpid. He remembers the past. His recollections of it, and particularly of noted men that he has known well, are very interesting. But he is no great praiser of the times that have flown. His concern is about what comes next. He is still one of the great forward-lookers, occupied with progress, solicitous that it shall be wisely directed, and confident that it will get somewhere.

After a long life, spent in one of the most conservative communities of the United States, he is still what he has always been, one of the boldest spirits we have, never afraid of change, always impatient of stagnation, a seeker after new truths, new methods, new men, and still, never an advocate of change merely for the sake of change. He has been a builder, not a destroyer; a great builder, not afraid of new plans even though they involved pulling something down.

This is a very hurried, racking and tumultuous world. It carries nowadays a tremendous amount of machinery and

is credited with a propensity to shake the life out of its inhabitants. Dr. Eliot at ninety is evidence that some, at least, of the human stuff at present in charge of mundane concerns is durable enough to stand the racket of current life.



SOMEbody once said, "Never love a President!" It was not bad advice. The Presidential office is so great and exposed to such vicissitudes, that it is best to keep an attitude of dispassionate observation on its occupant so long as he is its occupant.

Advice that is quite as timely is "Never love a newspaper!" Time was when readers of newspapers formed very strong attachments to them, and to have a newspaper die, or change hands, was a sore affliction to old readers, who felt that when such shifts happened they had lost an old friend. But nowadays who dares to love a newspaper, especially in this city of New York, since Mr. Munsey has done such great strokes of business in buying and selling, amalgamating and burking the journals of the town? Who will dare to set his affections on a paper that may pass out of existence next week?

The *Herald*, under the Munsey control, had come to be an interesting newspaper. Its politics represented nothing indispensable, but it had good writers. It wore the clothes of the old *Sun*, and was likable. Now it goes to the *Tribune*, which means, one must suppose, that so far as appearance and quality go, it disappears altogether.

Well, we must bear with it. The *Tribune* is a more engaging expositor of Republican politics than Mr. Munsey's *Herald* was. Possibly it will be

a better newspaper for having swallowed the *Herald*, if it only can digest it.

These disturbing changes are simply evidence that this is the age of machinery and of bigness. When a man acquires a newspaper, the newspaper also acquires the man. The man has to keep it going and that, under present conditions, is enormously expensive. It has to have size to compete with the other papers, and it has to have advertising to pay expenses. But there is a limit to the amount of advertising that the advertisers can pay for. When there are more newspapers in a town than the advertisers can support, some of them presently have to stop. Mr. Munsey has got such control of the newspapers of the city that he can regulate pretty well which of half a dozen shall stop and which shall go on. Now the *Herald* stops. The *World*, the *Times*, the *Tribune*, and the *American* are left and, of course, we shall get along.



MR. COOLIDGE is still the leading Republican candidate for President, with Hiram Johnson his only rival. No Democrat knows whom he will vote for. Mr. McAdoo is on the stump, giving out to various audiences sentiments appropriate to their location. Just now he is warning the South against Wall Street. People in New York discuss Al Smith and his great merits as a politician and an accomplisher of useful things. Besides him New York has another possible candidate in John W. Davis. To both of these gentlemen there are objections. Governor Smith is a Catholic. Mr. Davis is a practicing lawyer and has worked for some great corporations. In experience, ability and character, Mr. Davis is probably the best-equipped man for President that the Democrats have. The fact that he has practiced law in New York adds, if anything, to his qualifications to discharge the duties of the Presidential office. But the West and the South are not likely to think so. Governor Smith is one of the most useful and popular men in public life, but the West and the South, and particularly the Ku Klux, are likely to shy at a Catholic. So it goes. Solid obstacles of prejudice block the road to the most competent candidates.

E. S. Martin.



SMASHING EASTER EGGS ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN



LIFE

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He was ninety years old. That in itself is not so remarkable. Other people are as old as that. Dr. Eliot's sister is ninety-seven. What is remarkable is not that he has lived to be ninety, but that he has lived vigorously and vitally all the way up to that age and is still vitally alive and doing. To be merely alive at ninety is no great exploit, but to be a vigorous influence on human life at that age is something worth talking about.

Undoubtedly Dr. Eliot was made in the first place of extra strong and durable materials, but he has never let them rust, never let them stiffen or become torpid. He remembers the past. His recollections of it, and particularly of noted men that he has known well, are very interesting. But he is no great praiser of the times that have flown. His concern is about what comes next. He is still one of the great forward-lookers, occupied with progress, solicitous that it shall be wisely directed, and confident that it will get somewhere.

After a long life, spent in one of the most conservative communities of the United States, he is still what he has always been, one of the boldest spirits we have, never afraid of change, always impatient of stagnation, a seeker after new truths, new methods, new men, and still, never an advocate of change merely for the sake of change. He has been a builder, not a destroyer; a great builder, not afraid of new plans even though they involved pulling something down.

This is a very hurried, racking and tumultuous world. It carries nowadays a tremendous amount of machinery and

is credited with a propensity to shake the life out of its inhabitants. Dr. Eliot at ninety is evidence that some, at least, of the human stuff at present in charge of mundane concerns is durable enough to stand the racket of current life.



SOMEBODY once said, "Never love a President!" It was not bad advice. The Presidential office is so great and exposed to such vicissitudes, that it is best to keep an attitude of dispassionate observation on its occupant so long as he is its occupant.

Advice that is quite as timely is "Never love a newspaper!" Time was when readers of newspapers formed very strong attachments to them, and to have a newspaper die, or change hands, was a sore affliction to old readers, who felt that when such shifts happened they had lost an old friend. But nowadays who dares to love a newspaper, especially in this city of New York, since Mr. Munsey has done such great strokes of business in buying and selling, amalgamating and burking the journals of the town? Who will dare to set his affections on a paper that may pass out of existence next week?

The *Herald*, under the Munsey control, had come to be an interesting newspaper. Its politics represented nothing indispensable, but it had good writers. It wore the clothes of the old *Sun*, and was likable. Now it goes to the *Tribune*, which means, one must suppose, that so far as appearance and quality go, it disappears altogether.

Well, we must bear with it. The *Tribune* is a more engaging expositor of Republican politics than Mr. Munsey's *Herald* was. Possibly it will be

a better newspaper for having swallowed the *Herald*, if it only can digest it.

These disturbing changes are simply evidence that this is the age of machinery and of bigness. When a man acquires a newspaper, the newspaper also acquires the man. The man has to keep it going and that, under present conditions, is enormously expensive. It has to have size to compete with the other papers, and it has to have advertising to pay expenses. But there is a limit to the amount of advertising that the advertisers can pay for. When there are more newspapers in a town than the advertisers can support, some of them presently have to stop. Mr. Munsey has got such control of the newspapers of the city that he can regulate pretty well which of half a dozen shall stop and which shall go on. Now the *Herald* stops. The *World*, the *Times*, the *Tribune*, and the *American* are left and, of course, we shall get along.



MR. COOLIDGE is still the leading Republican candidate for President, with Hiram Johnson his only rival. No Democrat knows whom he will vote for. Mr. McAdoo is on the stump, giving out to various audiences sentiments appropriate to their location. Just now he is warning the South against Wall Street. People in New York discuss Al Smith and his great merits as a politician and an accomplisher of useful things. Besides him New York has another possible candidate in John W. Davis. To both of these gentlemen there are objections. Governor Smith is a Catholic. Mr. Davis is a practicing lawyer and has worked for some great corporations. In experience, ability and character, Mr. Davis is probably the best-equipped man for President that the Democrats have. The fact that he has practiced law in New York adds, if anything, to his qualifications to discharge the duties of the Presidential office. But the West and the South are not likely to think so. Governor Smith is one of the most useful and popular men in public life, but the West and the South, and particularly the Ku Klux, are likely to shy at a Catholic. So it goes. Solid obstacles of prejudice block the road to the most competent candidates.

E. S. Martin.



SMASHING EASTER EGGS ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN



The Quest for





Three Hot Ones

THE fact that Eugene O'Neill could write a play as dull as "Welded" is very comforting to those of us who occasionally wax dull ourselves. (Oh, yes, we do! You're just saying that to be nice.)

We are not fidgety by nature, but if that final curtain had not come down on "Welded" when it did, we should have jumped up on our seat and screamed. One more round between Mr. Ben-Ami and Miss Keane of batting up monosyllables, like a team of daisy-counters repeating, "I love you, I love you not, I hate you, I love you"—one more round of this sort of thing and the distinguished first-nighters would have been startled to see a rather handsome young man rise in his seat in row M (terrible seats, by the way), yelling: "All right, all right! Settle it after you get upstairs!" And that young man would have been your favorite dramatic critic.



AS if to accentuate the repetitious and obvious monotony of the dialogue, the play has been directed much as slow-motion pictures must be directed. In order to acquire the extraordinary tempo at which the piece now creeps along, it must have been necessary for the players at rehearsals to stop after each line and touch the floor ten times without bending their knees before going on with the next. Played without timeout between each word, "Welded" would have run until about nine-fifteen. Which would have been just dandy.



AS one who hailed Mr. Ben-Ami as Chief after his performance in "Samson and Delilah," we must record that in "Welded" he stirred us to nothing more vigorous than a desire to push him. True, much of this effect of stupid babbling is derived direct from Mr. O'Neill's script, but Mr. Ben-Ami doesn't have to add to it by behaving as if he had just been hit on the head by what the police call "some blunt instrument."

Doris Keane is lovely and melodious and as effective as any one could be who is limited in remarks to one hundred and eleven different readings of the lines, "I love you," "I hate you," and "Can you ever forgive me?"

We would feel very presumptuous in writing like this about any one for whom we have the reverent admiration that we have for Mr. O'Neill, were it not for the fact that he has actually written a scene in this play in which a

prostitute is made to remark that life is a funny proposition after all. The only thing in the ritual of prostitute philosophy that she doesn't pull is the yearning for baby hands to be tugging at her hair. We hereby apologize to Samuel Shipman for having kidded similar passages of his. He was simply laying the groundwork for the best scene in Eugene O'Neill's "Welded."



ANOTHER little corker from one of the leading minds of the century is Israel Zangwill's "We Moderns." As you have already guessed from the title, it is a dirty crack at the people who consider themselves advanced in the various lines of thought and behavior of what Mr. Zangwill evidently considers the present day. According to "We Moderns," any one is modern who has given up wearing bustles and large, flat four-in-hands. It deals a smashing satiric blow at such up-to-the-minute menaces as the New Woman (who presumably has ridden up on a bicycle, in bloomers), Cubism, Free Love, and the Younger Generation. Each character represents some different 1911 radicalism, all of which are equipped with complete sets of phony epigrams and carefully labelled quotations from Ben Jonson and Browning. Even Longfellow gets a credit line for the use of a wise crack from "A Psalm of Life."

Helen Hayes, through sheer charm and intelligence, brings the rôle of the flapper sister practically up-to-date and glosses over the imitation Tarkington with something genuine of her own. The rest of a large and familiar cast are sunk at varying depths under the artificiality of it-all. It is difficult to lend any particular distinction to lines which have been squeezed dry of all their satiric value through constant use during the past five years. There is a certain middle-aged Good Fellow of our acquaintance who, when he wants to lapse into colloquialism, adds "as the boys say, twenty-three, skidoo." We have an idea that he furnished some of the dope for "We Moderns." For Mr. Zangwill's next play we would suggest an attack on all this agitation for Votes for Women.



IT is the pretentiousness of "Welded" and "We Moderns" that makes them worse than "The Lady Killer," the new offering at the Morosco Theatre. You expect nothing when you go to "The Lady Killer," and lo and behold, that is exactly what you get.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—Walter Hampden in the grandest of all romantic dramas.

Hell-Bent for Heaven. *Frazee*—A continuously interesting account of a religious fanatic's devilry.

Hurricane. *Frolic*—What happened to Olga Petrova.

In the Next Room. *Vanderbilt*—The season's murder mystery.

Macbeth. *Forty-Eighth St.*—James K. Hackett in a limited engagement.

The Miracle. *Century*—A stupendous and beautiful spectacle.

The Outsider. *Ambassador*—Clinical drama with considerable punch. Lionel Atwill and Katharine Cornell.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—A remarkable play dealing with Limbo.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in the play that almost every one has seen.

Saint Joan. *Empire*—Shaw's characteristic interpretation of how a saint is made, with Winifred Lenihan in the title rôle.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Helen Menken acting in an actory piece.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—American peasant drama showing the awakening of patriotism. Well handled.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—One of the best of the season's dramatizations of middle-class home problems.

Welded. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—Showing the effect of the tropics on the white constitution. Very vivid.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Dear, dear! Across the Street. *Hudson*—To be reviewed next week.

Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—Delightful dream satire on things in general, with Roland Young.

Fashion. *Provincetown*—A superior laugh at the way they did things in 1845.

Fata Morgana. *Garrick*—Emily Stevens in an explicit drama of the ways of a matron with a youth.

For All of Us. *Lyric*—William Hodge bursting with kindness.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Mary Boland in a near-satire on literary lion-hunting.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—Amusing dirt.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—What it means to have children in this generation, entertainingly shown.

The Lady Killer. *Morocco*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Merry Wives of Gotham. *Henry Miller's*—Grace George and Laura Hope Crews in a bit of Irish.

The Moon-Flower. *Fulton*—Paper-covered romance, with Elsie Ferguson and Sidney Blackmer.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Bucket-buckety farce, with Otto Kruger and June Walker.

The Pottera. *Plymouth*—Donald Meek as the remarkably lifelike paterfamilias.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—The last word in home-comedies.

The Swan. *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne in a thoroughly distinguished comedy.

We Moderns. *Gaiety*—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Pretty low.

Charlot's Revue. *Times Square*—A London company showing us how.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor at his best.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—One good tune.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—Ada May and some good tunes.

Mary Jane McKane. *Imperial*—Mary Hay and Hal Skelly in something nice.

Moonlight. *Longacre*—Lots of music—and Julia Sanderson.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Selwyn*—One of the oldest in town.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Frank Tinney and lots to look at.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields in one of the best.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and daughter in dance steps.

Sweet Little Devil. *Central*—Constance Binney in person.

Vogues. *Shubert*—To be reviewed later.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Some new features, plus Fannie Brice.



FANNIE BRICE, BROOKE JOHNS, ANN PENNINGTON AND PAUL WHITEMAN, IN "THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES."

Credits

(From the Footnotes of a Truthful Theatre Program)

THE entire score stolen from "Sweet Patootie."

Book and lyrics all cribbed from "Kiss Me Quick."

Furniture never paid for.

Scenery designed by the Gem Boiler Factory.

Costumes in first and third acts from Watsky, the second-hand man.

Shoes formerly used in "Naughty Nellie."

Dance numbers in second act rehearsed by Joe, the sceneshifter.

The piano used in this theatre has never been in tune.

The electrical effects are almost entirely out of order.

Ladies' sport costumes originally used in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Men's handkerchiefs made of blotting paper.

Miss La Fleuri's Marcel wave is a



SUPERSTITIOUS DINER HUNTING FOR THE LEFT HIND FOOT OF A WELSH RABBIT

terrible fake. She has worn a wig for seven years.

All the draperies purchased at a fire sale.

The employees of this theatre are all ex-gunmen. C. G. S.

TELL me which comic strip you read and I'll tell you what kind of moron you are.

Metaphor

FLICK'RING flame of gold,
To and fro you bend;
Melt the rosy wax
On the card I send.

As she breaks the seal
Let her also see
I am wax to her;
She is flame to me.

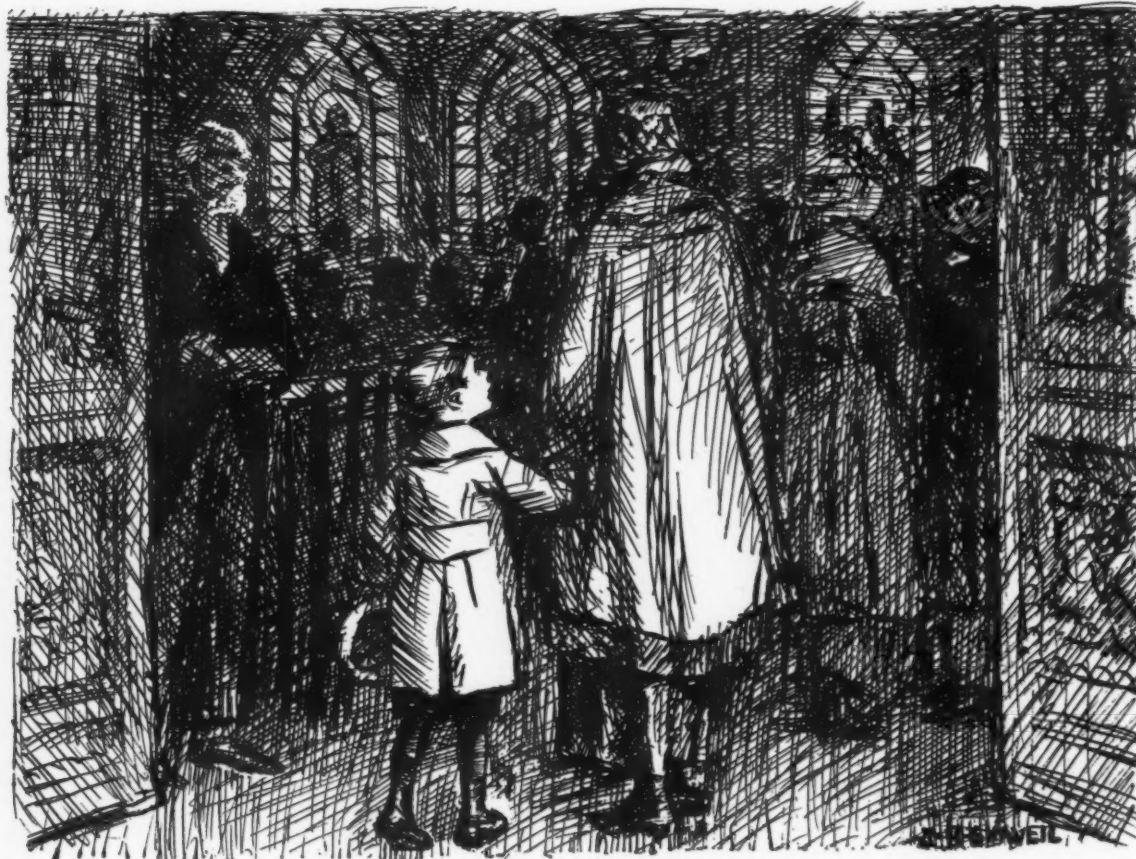
R. M. V.

Hebdomadal Report

CLOCK WEEK and Watch Week were celebrated by millions of people. A good time was had by all. Umbrella Week did not make much of a hit with the public. It went clear over their heads.

"NO modern Sir Walter Raleigh spreads his cloak in the muddy street for a lady to walk on."

"No—he runs his car up to the curb."



"MOTHER, I WAS THINKIN' OF ASKIN' THE LORD FOR A LOUD-SPEAKER, IF YOU THINK FATHER CAN AFFORD IT."



THE BIRTH OF THE EASTER BONNET

· LIFE ·

Broadcastings

By Montague Glass

THE latest list of the world's greatest men comes from Ann Arbor. It is limited to four, and although it ought not to be hard to remember a list of the four greatest men now living, I am sorry to say that I recall the names of only two—Thomas Edison and Henry Ford. And I read this list yesterday afternoon. Now I am aware that everybody is utterly tired of these lists of men, women, books and plays, and that it is fruitless to discuss what is a matter of taste, but nevertheless in a choice of the four greatest men it is interesting to consider not the chosen but the chooser. A college president did the picking in this case, so it is quite possible that he picked Edison and Ford upon the principle of turning the other cheek, for we all know what they think of colleges and college presidents.

ASSUMING, however, that he was acting in no such Christian spirit, what on earth prompted a college president to vote for Henry Ford as one of the world's four greatest? I for one see this college president conscious of his own intellectual and educational equipment, comparing his attainments with those of Henry Ford, a man signally lacking in both intellect and education. He is staggered, as we all are, by Mr. Ford's success in view of Mr. Ford's personal deficiencies, and therefore it must be the difficulty of Mr. Ford's task, and not its importance, which appeals to the college president. But what surprises me about the college president is that he should not regard the difficulty of Mr. Ford's task as Dr. Johnson regarded the task of the dog that walked on its hind legs. Dr. Johnson, you will remember, admitted it was difficult and wished to God it was impossible.

SOME one mentioned the oil scandal at dinner the other

day, and before any one could stop him, a friend of mine who has recently returned from a sojourn in Paris said that it would continue just as long as American cooks didn't know how to keep it from growing rancid. He said that as soon as the can or bottle is opened, the contents ought to be poured into a wide-necked jar with a glass stopper, and that every time the oil was used there-

after, both the neck and the stopper ought to be wiped dry with a perfectly fresh clean cloth.

HE said further that this business of serving salad as an *hors d'œuvre* was a barbarous custom, and with this prelude, he entered upon an indignant consideration of all that has happened to the salad of tradition since 1890, when salad was a mixture of crisp uncooked herbs and the conventional dressing of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. He grew apoplectic over the impudence of American cooks in designating as salad the horrible messes of chopped-up fruit, nuts and sugar over which is poured a highly viscous unguent, half furniture polish and half hair oil, and when he commented on the sacrilege of substituting lemon juice for vinegar in the salad dressing, it was necessary but quite useless to remind him that there were ladies in the room.

HOWEVER, he calmed himself a little by quoting Richard Ford's dictum that to compound a good salad four persons are needed: a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counselor for salt, and a madman to stir it all up. At this point it became possible to tell him that the oil scandal we had mentioned was the one down in Washington involving ex-Secretary Fall and Mr. Sinclair, and he said that he knew it, but that the other oil scandal was of much longer standing and of greater importance, in that it more closely affected the lives and comfort of the public, and I think he's right.

MR. WILL HAYS is entreating the moving picture manufacturers to listen to their paid guide, philosopher and friend, Mr. Will Hays, and not to picturize the modern realistic novel with the strong

(Continued on page 42)



Pan

AN overrated god, I think,
Is that repellent missing link
With hoof of goat and face of man
(Or is it vice-versa?). Pan!

I tolerate a goat when he
Is safe across a fence from me,
But nothing he might symbolize
Would make me like him otherwise.

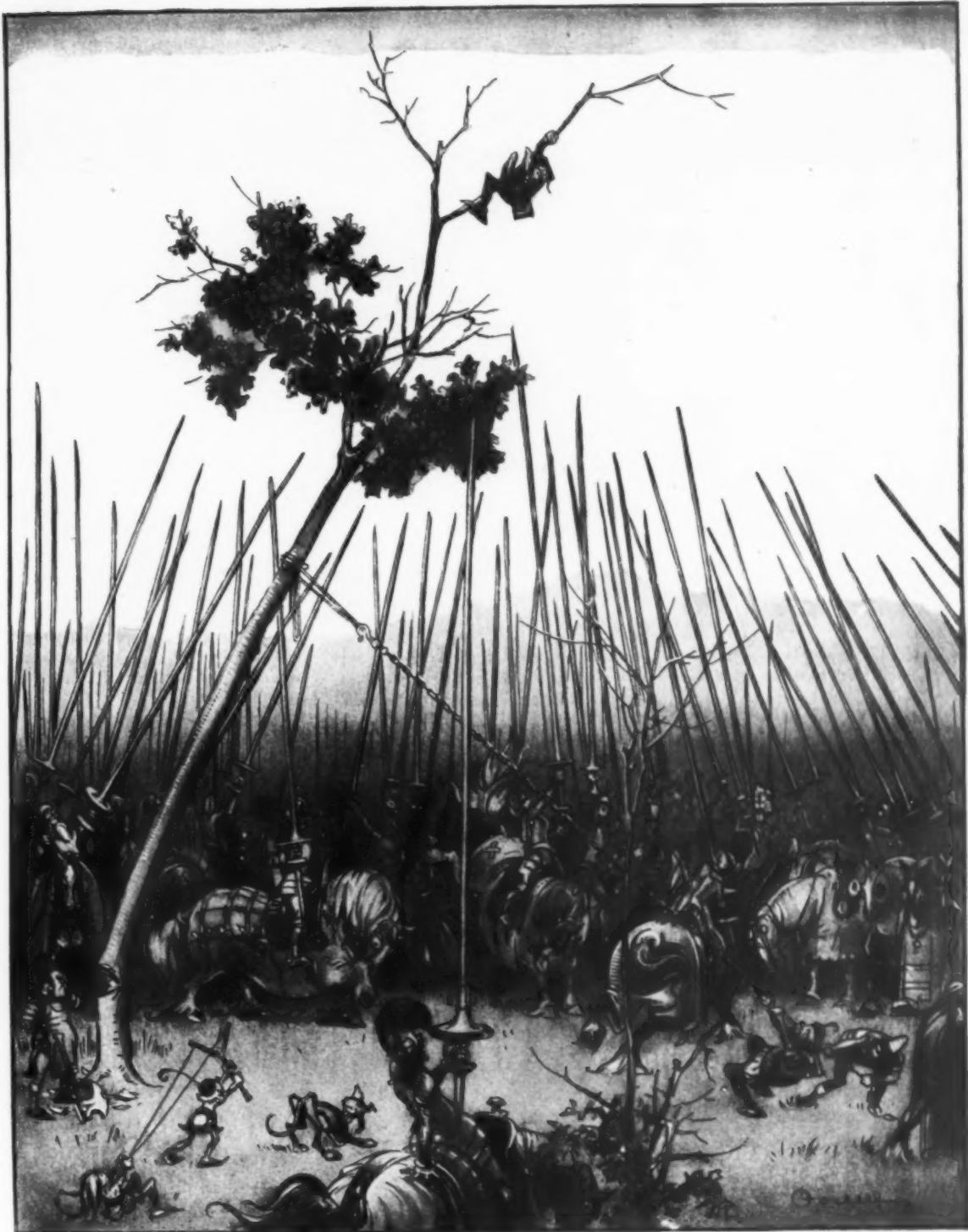
His leg, for all the bard may sing,
Is not, *per se*, a godlike thing,
And when attached to human torso
Looks like the devil, only more so.

Yet Shakespeare, Keats and Shelley speak
With adoration of this freak
Which Mr. Barnum, without doubt,
Would blush with shame to think about.

He does not symbolize the spring
To me, nor youth, nor anything
Except some thought which I might think
If I should drink and drink and drink.

So I will leave the bards their Pan
With hoof of goat and face of man,
And he may play his pipes divine
While I shall go on smoking mine.

Roger Burlingame.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
CAPTURUNG YE ABSCONDYNG CASHYERE.



"The Thief of Bagdad"

AFTER seeing "The Thief of Bagdad," I am more competent to understand the motives which inspired the sturdy Britons who have been struggling for years to reach the peak of Mt. Everest. I now know what it means to be able to say, "Well, I've been to the top."

Standing at the point marked by this Arabian Nights' entertainment which Douglas Fairbanks has fashioned, I can look down to the lesser summits of "Robin Hood," "Broken Blossoms," "Passion" and the rest; several miles below, and barely discernible from this dizzy altitude, lie "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" "Rags to Riches" and "The Old Nest."

There may well be higher peaks than that achieved by "The Thief of Bagdad"—but if there are, they have not as yet been charted on any of the existent contour maps.

"THE THIEF OF BAGDAD" is the farthest and most sudden advance that the movie has ever made and, at the same time, it is a return to the form of the earliest presentable films. I remember that the first picture I ever saw was a ferociously fast French comedy, in which one of the characters was dressed by magic. His clothes leaped at him from the closet and fitted themselves about his passive form, his

boots scurried across the floor and slid onto his feet, and his shoe laces wiggled into place like twin serpents.

That was, technically, "trick stuff"—and it is now sneered at by the hyper-realists of Hollywood, who refuse to admit that a scene is ever faked.

It is trick stuff of this same sort that makes "The Thief of Bagdad" extraordinarily fascinating. Fairbanks has not been afraid to resort to magic of the most flagrant variety. He has used ropes which, when thrown into the air, will become rigid and scalable, golden apples which will restore life to the dead, idols' eyes of crystal in which the future is revealed, magic carpets which fly through the heavens, winged horses, star-shaped keys to open the Palace of the Moon, and golden chests from which vast armies may be conjured with the flick of a finger. There is also a supply of genii, djinns, talismans and fire-breathing dragons.

Of course this wizardry is possible on the screen; the first French comedy proved that. But Fairbanks has gone far beyond the mere bounds of possibility: he has performed the superhuman feat of making his magic seem probable.

When, in "The Ten Commandments," Cecil B. De Mille caused the Red Sea to part, every one remarked, "That's a great trick. How did he do it?"

There are no such mental interruptions for the spectator in "The Thief of Bagdad." He watches Fairbanks' phenomenal stunts without stopping to think of them as tricks. He accepts them as facts.

"The Thief of Bagdad" has a marvelous fairy tale quality—a romantic sweep which lifts the audience and vaporizes it into pink, fluffy clouds. It also has much beauty and much solidity of dramatic construction.

Fairbanks and Raoul Walsh, the director, have devised scenes of overwhelming magnitude and grandeur; but, in doing so, they have not neglected the details. They have built, with incredible magnificence, the City of Bagdad—and they have also built a story which is sound and workable, and which proceeds rhythmically and gracefully at a steadily increasing rate of speed.

ONE derives from "The Thief of Bagdad" the same childish thrill that is furnished by a first perusal of Hans Andersen's stories. It is enthrallingly romantic, inspiringly unreal.

If any one can see this marvelous picture and still choose to sneer at the movies, I shall be glad to escort him to Hollywood and feed him to the largest dragon in the Fairbanks menagerie.

Robert E. Sherwood.





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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

LIFE'S War Prize Contest

(Continued from page 17)

No longer restrained by a League of Nations, Italy advances on Greece, and other small nations she covets.

Soviet Russia seeks revenge on all nations who refused her recognition (and credit).

Mexico allies with Japan.

Spain seizes the opportunity to regain control of Mexico.

Likewise China to dominate Japan.

The various republics of South America, cut off commercially from the rest of the world, declare war on one another with the object of controlling the South American continent.

This would be a REAL war.

M. B. PROUT.
303 Gramatan Ave.,
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

The British View

A WORLD WAR can only be fought by Allies. The Great Powers are so hostile to each other just now that no two of them would willingly find themselves on the same side in any international struggle. No doubt a war in which every nation fought every other nation indiscriminately would be as pleasing to Heaven, and as impartially blessed as was the late war; but it is hardly within the scope of practical politics. It is necessary, then, that the Powers should compose their differences, and form themselves again into indissoluble alliances.

Those who bear the real burden of the battle—politicians, business men, retired colonels, clergymen and so forth—have never yet failed their country for lack of courage, but there are limits to human endurance. With the coming of the aeroplane their limits have been reached. In a life and death struggle it may happen that one man is blown to pieces in his trench, and that another is forced to give up some such favorite article of diet as potatoes; we are all equally ready to make sacrifices. But when the civilian has to suffer, not only the terrible privations of the civilian, but also the terrible risk of the soldier, then human nature is asked to do too much. If war is to be made tolerable

for the warlike, the aeroplane must be abolished.

It is obvious that if, at the first exchange of shots, all National Debts were at once repudiated, war would become so loathsome to humanity that the reign of Universal Peace would be established. Although this may happen, it is becoming more and more probable that, as a result of further World Wars, the National Debts will, in fact, repudiate themselves. To avoid this, war must be made cheaper. America must pledge herself to take no part in any future wars, but devote



herself to supplying munitions and tinned foods (free) to all the belligerents.

The Churches, which have, in the past, so freely called down the blessing of Heaven on man's immature efforts to annihilation, must endeavor to get more in touch with the common people. For, in the main, Man is a spiritual animal, and he needs constant reassurance, from those to whom the revelation has come, that this instinct for killing, whether in person or by proxy of the less articulate, is indeed the manifestation of the Divine Spirit within him.

A. A. MILNE.
11 Mallord Street,
Chelsea, S. W. 3, Eng.

(Editor's Note: Mr. Milne's suggestion exceeds the two hundred word limit and is therefore ineligible for the prize.)

The Young Idea

JUST try and start having school on Saturdays.

HORACE E. DUNKLE, JR.
19 Seaverns Ave.,
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Great Protectorate

EXTEND the Monroe Doctrine to apply to all nations and all continents without partiality.

F. A. PEARSON.
Gt. Barrington, Mass.

Bigger and Better Insults

1. COMPEL all citizens of California to join the "Insult the Japanese Association." There are still a few slackers in California.

2. Organize a gigantic, nation-wide "British Lion Tail-Twisting Association." Any member who is not able to tie three knots in the British Lion's tail, four times a week, should be dismissed as incompetent, and rated as only 50 per cent. American.

3. Under no circumstances must the United States Senate fail to harass and embarrass the President of the United States, whenever he attempts to advance the cause of world peace through the League of Nations, the World Court, or any other organization. It shall be the patriotic duty of the Senate to make all the peace efforts of the President futile and ridiculous.

4. It shall be the duty of all newspapers to instill in the minds of the people a cynical attitude towards world peace, by continually proclaiming that wars are inevitable, and that all peace plans are impracticable.

Yours for bigger and better wars,
MRS. R. DEVERE.
1125 London Road,
Duluth, Minn.

Conditions of the Contest

FOR the best suggestion on how to start another good, big War, LIFE will award the following prizes:

First Prize.....	\$250.00
Second Prize.....	125.00
Third Prize.....	75.00
Fourth Prize.....	50.00

The Contest is governed by the following

CONDITIONS

1. Suggestions must be limited to 200 words.
2. The Contest will close on April 15, and the judges will not consider any manuscripts received after that date.
3. All professional war-promoters—including members of Congress, manufacturers of munitions and war materials, a selected list of ministers of the Gospel, certain members of

"patriotic" defense societies, and the House of Hohenzollern—are barred from the Contest. The Editors of LIFE are also ineligible.

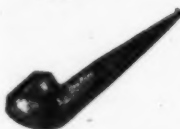
4. Suggestions should be addressed to the War Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

As the answers to this Contest are submitted, the Editors of LIFE will select those suggestions that they consider best. These will be published from week to week in LIFE, and the readers of the magazine will have the opportunity to vote for their favorites. From these selections the Editors will make the final awards. Should any of the winning plans be duplicated, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our regular rates—whether it wins a prize or not.



Note the light finish inside the bowls—it's what makes the big difference in the taste of your smoke. Also note the stems, flat where the grip comes.



4 of the 36 shapes



Treat your Ben Wade and yourself to Hudson's Bay Imperial Mixture—the favorite tobacco of veteran smokers.

But when the mood or the occasion calls for cigarettes, Churchill Downs—all black—are the smartest choice. Gold, silver or plain ends. Churchill Downs are also supplied in the conventional white paper.



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YOU MAY JUDGE A PIPE BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

AND since the '60s when Ben Wade began the careful manufacture of the pipes which bear his signature—they have been favorites in England.

Ben Wade
SINCE 1860

have won men to them by the regiment—even men who had always wanted to smoke pipes, but had never been able to enjoy the taste of the ordinary kind.

Why They "Taste Good"

—simply because they do not taste at all, because you never taste the pipe, but only the tobacco that's in it.

Ben Wade's patented, exclusive process of finishing the inside of the bowl opens the pores of the wood—and keeps them open. Just one little

puff tells the whole big difference. Make it a point to

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This is the natural, virgin finish. All impurities are absorbed and put to the beneficial purpose of further enriching the color of the pipe.

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—*Passing Show (London).*

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"Two cents more, little girl. Bread's gone up since this morning."

"Then give me a yesterday's loaf."

—*Le Ruy Blas (Paris).*

A. HICK: My cow's grown.

B. HICK: Mine moo.

—*Penn State Froth.*



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—*Humorist (London).*

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CLOTHING,
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Telephone Murray Hill 8800

Dress or Sporting Garments
for Spring

Riding Suits and Odd Breeches

Golfing Suits and Odd Knickers

English Hats, Shoes, Haberdashery, Leather Goods

Homespun Coats, Mackintoshes, Polo Ulsters

Liveries for House, Stable or Garage

Send for "Historic American Buildings"

BOSTON
TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON

NEWPORT
220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



BROOKS BROTHERS'

Building, convenient
to Grand Central, Subway,
and to many of the leading
Hotels and Clubs



Custom has long decreed that an artistic piece of solid silver is a most fitting gift for the bride. You will find here an attractive variety of all the beautiful things for the table in which silver can be made, a delight to see and an even greater pleasure to own.

»[114th YEAR]«

BLACK • STARR & FROST
JEWELERS

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVENUE • CORNER FORTY-EIGHTH STREET

SILVER the metal is just silver. Its charm lies in what the craftsman has done with it, the taste and workmanship with which the design is executed.

LIFE'S War Prize Contest

(Continued from page 17)

No longer restrained by a League of Nations, Italy advances on Greece, and other small nations she covets.

Soviet Russia seeks revenge on all nations who refused her recognition (and credit).

Mexico allies with Japan.

Spain seizes the opportunity to regain control of Mexico.

Likewise China to dominate Japan.

The various republics of South America, cut off commercially from the rest of the world, declare war on one another with the object of controlling the South American continent.

This would be a REAL war.

M. B. PROUT.

303 Gramatan Ave.,

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

The British View

A WORLD WAR can only be fought by Allies. The Great Powers are so hostile to each other just now that no two of them would willingly find themselves on the same side in any international struggle. No doubt a war in which every nation fought every other nation indiscriminately would be as pleasing to Heaven, and as impartially blessed as was the late war; but it is hardly within the scope of practical politics. It is necessary, then, that the Powers should compose their differences, and form themselves again into indissoluble alliances.

Those who bear the real burden of the battle—politicians, business men, retired colonels, clergymen and so forth—have never yet failed their country for lack of courage, but there are limits to human endurance. With the coming of the aeroplane their limits have been reached. In a life and death struggle it may happen that one man is blown to pieces in his trench, and that another is forced to give up some such favorite article of diet as potatoes; we are all equally ready to make sacrifices. But when the civilian has to suffer, not only the terrible privations of the civilian, but also the terrible risk of the soldier, then human nature is asked to do too much. If war is to be made tolerable

for the warlike, the aeroplane must be abolished.

It is obvious that if, at the first exchange of shots, all National Debts were at once repudiated, war would become so loathsome to humanity that the reign of Universal Peace would be established. Although this may happen, it is becoming more and more probable that, as a result of further World Wars, the National Debts will, in fact, repudiate themselves. To avoid this, war must be made cheaper. America must pledge herself to take no part in any future wars, but devote



herself to supplying munitions and tinned foods (free) to all the belligerents.

The Churches, which have, in the past, so freely called down the blessing of Heaven on man's immature efforts to annihilation, must endeavor to get more in touch with the common people. For, in the main, Man is a spiritual animal, and he needs constant reassurance, from those to whom the revelation has come, that this instinct for killing, whether in person or by proxy of the less articulate, is indeed the manifestation of the Divine Spirit within him.

A. A. MILNE.

11 Mallord Street.

Chelsea, S. W. 3, Eng.

(Editor's Note: Mr. Milne's suggestion exceeds the two hundred word limit and is therefore ineligible for the prize.)

The Young Idea

JUST try and start having school on Saturdays.

HORACE E. DUNKLE, JR.

19 Seaverns Ave.,

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Great Protectorate

EXTEND the Monroe Doctrine to apply to all nations and all continents without partiality.

F. A. PEARSON.

Gt. Barrington, Mass.

Bigger and Better Insults

1. COMPEL all citizens of California to join the "Insult the Japanese Association." There are still a few slackers in California.

2. Organize a gigantic, nation-wide "British Lion Tail-Twisting Association." Any member who is not able to tie three knots in the British Lion's tail, four times a week should be dismissed as incompetent, and rated as only 50 per cent. American.

3. Under no circumstances must the United States Senate fail to harass and embarrass the President of the United States, whenever he attempts to advance the cause of world peace through the League of Nations, the World Court, or any other organization. It shall be the patriotic duty of the Senate to make all the peace efforts of the President futile and ridiculous.

4. It shall be the duty of all newspapers to instill in the minds of the people a cynical attitude towards world peace, by continually proclaiming that wars are inevitable, and that all peace plans are impracticable.

Yours for bigger and better wars,

MRS. R. DEVERE.

1125 London Road,

Duluth, Minn.

Conditions of the Contest

FOR the best suggestion on how to start another good, big War, LIFE will award the following prizes:

First Prize.....	\$250.00
Second Prize.....	125.00
Third Prize.....	75.00
Fourth Prize.....	50.00

The Contest is governed by the following

CONDITIONS

1. Suggestions must be limited to 200 words.
2. The Contest will close on April 15, and the judges will not consider any manuscripts received after that date.
3. All professional war-promoters—including members of Congress, manufacturers of munitions and war materials, a selected list of ministers of the Gospel, certain members of

"patriotic" defense societies, and the House of Hohenzollern—are barred from the Contest. The Editors of LIFE are also ineligible.

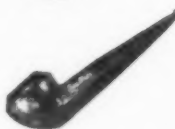
4. Suggestions should be addressed to the War Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

As the answers to this Contest are submitted, the Editors of LIFE will select those suggestions that they consider best. These will be published from week to week in LIFE, and the readers of the magazine will have the opportunity to vote for their favorites. From these selections the Editors will make the final awards. Should any of the winning plans be duplicated, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our regular rates—whether it wins a prize or not.



Note the light finish inside the bowls—it's what makes the big difference in the taste of your smoke. Also note the stems, flat where the grip comes.



4 of the 36 shapes



Treat your Ben Wade and yourself to Hudson's Bay Imperial Mixture—the favorite tobacco of veteran smokers.

But when the mood or the occasion calls for cigarettes, Churchill Downs—all black—are the smartest choice. Gold, silver or plain ends. Churchill Downs are also supplied in the conventional white paper.



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SINCE 1860

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—New York Herald.

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—Passing Show (London).

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"Then give me a yesterday's loaf."

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—Humorist (London).

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220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



BROOKS BROTHERS'

Building, convenient
to Grand Central, Subway,
and to many of the leading
Hotels and Clubs



Custom has long decreed that an artistic piece of solid silver is a most fitting gift for the bride. You will find here an attractive variety of all the beautiful things for the table in which silver can be made, a delight to see and an even greater pleasure to own.

»[114th YEAR]«

BLACK • STARR & FROST
JEWELERS

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVENUE • CORNER FORTY-EIGHTH STREET

SILVER the metal is just silver. Its charm lies in what the craftsman has done with it, the taste and workmanship with which the design is executed.



EXQUISITE MORSELS
of Vanilla Chocolate,
wrapped in pure tin
foil. Delicious as
sun-ripened fruit. A
delightful food-con-
fection for the entire
family. Tempting to
the last piece.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send
\$1.00 for a pound box.

WILBUR BUDS
The only
Chocolate Buds

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC., Phila., Pa.
Makers of Wilbur's Cocoa

* TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Ode to Spring—and All That

(Reprinted)

Er—Spring!
You perfectly priceless old thing!
I'm frightfully bucked at the signs that
one sees;
The jolly old sap in the topping old
trees;
The priceless old lilac, and that sort of
rot;
It jolly well cheers a chap up, does it
not?
It's so fearfully bright;
So amazingly right,
And one feels as one feels if one got
rather tight.
There's a tang in the air,
If you know what I mean,
And the grass, as it were,
Is so frightfully green.
We shall soon have the jolly old bee on
the wing—
Er—Spring.

Old fruit!
You've given old Winter the boot.
The voice of the tailor is heard in the
land
(I wonder what my rotten credit will
stand?),
And the birds and the flow'rs (but es-
pecially the "birds")
Will be looking too perfectly priceless
for words.
We shall have to get stocks
Of new ties and new socks,
And of course we must alter the jolly
old clocks;
So a young fellow's fancy
Turns nat'rally towards
The river and Nancie,
Or Betty and Lord's.
In fact—as I said—you're a priceless old
thing—
Er—Spring.

Old bean!
It's—well, it's—you know what I
mean.
It's time I was oiling the jolly old bat,
So, cutting a long story short, and all
that,
The theme of this jolly old song that I
sing
Is—er—jolly old Spring!
—Desmond Carter, in *London Opinion*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Wouldn't Suit Now

"What has become of the fine old
names of Prudence and Patience?"
"They wouldn't be appropriate these
days," replied the old grouch. "If I had
a couple of daughters I'd christen them
Extravagance and Hysteria."

—Boston Transcript.

PETER: I'm writing a song.
PAUL: Yes? What's the subject
matter?

PETER: It doesn't. —Cornell Widow.



father if I go to Princeton
will I like some other col-
lege too father stopped lath-
ering his face well wallace
he said I know hundreds of
loyal Princeton men who
cheer for Williams every
morning



They all say **GLOVER'S** does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say
"There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and
falling hair. It surely does the business."
For 36 years Glover's has been making friends
by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a
dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for
Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine at any good drug
store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the
Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover,
originator of the Glover Medicines.

Made only by the
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. (Dept. A-2)
127-29 West 24th Street New York City



**NEW GARTER
FOR
CROOKED LEGS**
(Patented)
**MAKES TROUSERS
HANG STRAIGHT**
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self-adjustable
It holds
Socks Up—Shirt Down
Not a
"Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
Free Circular
Plain, sealed envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 28, South Bend, Ind.

LEARN TO PLAY **Mah Jong**

The popular and fascinating game

Complete set, consist-
ing of 144 Tiles, 116
Counters, Dice, \$100
Racks, rules, playing
directions and perpetual score card,
sent Postpaid on receipt of \$1.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
**DON'T DELAY—ORDER TODAY
AND BEGIN TO PLAY**

ORIENTAL SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. "L"
152 West 42nd Street, New York City
Dealers and Agents Write.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 15)

March
29th

A wake betimes, surcharged with a tremendous enthusiasm to fare forth and spend money, but I be-
thought me that such a proceeding were folly so near the end of the month, nor is there any danger of my zeal in this connection not recurring. So up and at the pianoforte, playing Handel's Messiah to learn if Mr. Paul Whiteman is correct in asserting that Yes, We Have No Bananas derives from it, and it does, nor why I did not think of the similarity before I know not.... Louise Kinney to luncheon with me, telling me of the insurance company's obstinacy in compensating her for the costly perfumes which robbers did remove from her country place, the adjuster maintaining that the sum, which L. really understated, was exorbitant for the scenting of a single household. Which proves that men know naught on some matters, and God forbid that such an one as the agent should ever sight my own dressing-table.

Baird Leonard.

Country Life in Jonesville

"I've just been out at the Jonesville Country Club as the guest of an old customer, and I'm feeling a bit plebeian," said the gray-haired traveling salesman to the desk man at the Hotel New Trianon, Jonesville. "I think I'll go into the barber shop and re-discover my identity. A fellow never should go to a country club in a business suit; it only makes people unhappy."

"But Jonesville has quite a club. I understand the mortgage on the house

alone is three hundred thousand. The original abandoned farm cost two hundred thousand. No club in the state has finer equipment or higher assessments than Jonesville's. It was the first country club around here to charge two dollars for a fifty-cent dinner and get away with it.

"It has a long waiting list. My customer tells me that dozens of families have their knickerbockers all bought and ready. One fellow outgrew three pairs of short pants while he was waiting and then got blackballed. He took it bravely but his wife has never recovered. They say she can't look at a sport clothes advertisement without going all to pieces."

McC. H.

"Bill never goes to sleep in church."

"Some listener!"

"No. Some golfer!"

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY PEARLS SILVERWARE

QUALITY PREDOMINATES

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Duveen Brothers

PAINTINGS
PORCELAINS
TAPESTRIES
OBJETS D'ART

New York

Paris



Old Sea Captain (to youthful new-comer): SAME OLD STORY, THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY SENT TO SEA.
"OH, NO, THAT'S ALL BEEN CHANGED SINCE YOUR TIME."
—Yale Record.



The Powder Base Perfection

So many patrons of our Hinds Honey and Almond Cream are now using it as a base for face powder, and with such gratifying results that we are urging you to give it a trial. 'Twill cost you only a few cents for a trial bottle and the process is extremely simple.

Just moisten the skin with the cream and allow it to nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will adhere wonderfully and remain in perfect condition longer than with any other base we know of. The cream and powder will prevent the skin from becoming rough or chapped.

It is the purity and refinement and gratifying effect of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream that have gained for it such a remarkable nation-wide and world-wide patronage. It is good for everybody in your home,—grown-ups and kiddies. Father and brother like it after shaving and to keep their hands smooth and good looking. Softens the skin roughened by wind and water.

WONDERFUL BASE FOR FACE POWDER. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is now used for this purpose with marvelous success. Moisten the skin slightly with the cream, let it nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will adhere to perfection.

HINDS WEEK-END BOX makes a very useful gift and costs only 25c. postpaid, or at your dealer's. It contains those essentials for the comfort and attractiveness of the face and hands. Trial size, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, Cold and Disappearing Cream, Talc and Face Powder.

All druggists and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 2c. or a trial bottle for 6c. A Try-out Box of 5 samples, assorted, 10c. Booklet Free.

HINDS Cre-mis FACE POWDER, impalpably fine and soft. Its delicate tints blend to produce the coveted effect and, with its subtle and distinctive fragrance, enhance the charm of every woman who uses it—white, flesh, pink, brunette. Large box 60c. Trial box, 15c. Sample, 2c.

A. S. HINDS CO., DEPT. 18, PORTLAND, MAINE

Comments on the War Contest

(The two following communications, which have been inspired by LIFE's demand for Bigger and Better Wars, are presented as representative of the popular attitude toward this sensational campaign.)

A Letter from the National Offense Association

Washington, D. C.
February 23, 1924.

To the Editor of LIFE.

DEAR SIR:

We should like to co-operate with you in your prize contest for bigger and better wars. We realize that any prize contest of this description is necessarily subject to the criticism that you cannot change human nature and that as long as men are what they are, they will try to settle international disputes by peace-like methods. When this terrible peace burst upon an unprepared world with a suddenness that stunned all constructive endeavor toward making it a short and decisive peace, the President of this Association said in his address before the Amalgamated Fathers of Jobless Veterans: "This must be our last peace. It shall be with the help of Providence a peace to end all peace."

However, at that time no coherent plan was suggested or acted upon. A collection was made at the meeting and the sum of \$501.50 was pledged for the corporate purposes of the National Offense Association. Of this amount, no less than \$500 was contributed by J. Edward Immerglick, who is a typical example of what this terrible peace has done to the fathers and mothers of young men in this country. Mr. Immerglick had three sons, aged respectively 19, 20 and 21, who, precisely three weeks after this country was plunged into peace, were sent across from France in the flower of their young manhood. This of course immediately put an end to Mr. Immerglick's home, a Stutz runabout and what Mr. Immerglick believed was an ample provision of Scotch and rye for a man his age.

In view of the loss he has sustained through the ravages of peace, Mr. Immerglick has authorized us to make a special prize of his contribution, for a plan which will involve the following points:

(a) An enduring war established upon a firm basis and the creation of an international police force to carry out the terms of the war treaty. America shall furnish for such international police force a quota of young men aged 24, 25 and 26, these being now the ages of Mr. Immerglick's sons.

(b) The organization of a permanent international court which shall have plenary powers to deal with any nation threatening to declare peace or to disturb warlike conditions, once they have been reestablished.

(c) The avoidance of delay in ending the prevailing peace conditions.

We are at present negotiating with the following organizations for a closer co-operation with this Association and with your paper in further prize contests of the nature above set forth, viz.:

League for the Re-expatriation of Y. M. C. A. Secretaries.
National Society Opposed to Community Song Leaders.
Société des Hôteliers (Hôtels

Meublés) du Département de la Seine, also known as "The Devastated Rooming Houses of France."

Awaiting your early reply to this communication, we are

Faithfully yours,

THE NATIONAL OFFENSE ASSOCIATION.

Schuyler Van R. Stupnitzky,

Corresponding Secretary.

(Per Montague Glass.)

Bigger and Better War Editor, LIFE.

DEAR ED.:

What gets me is how you are going to stage this war when the last one is still on. However, I suppose you have received inside information that the present war could be stopped provided the people could be convinced you had a bigger and better one to put in its place. If this is so, and all you need is a set of plans and specifications for quick action, here goes:

1. Call a meeting of the League of Nations at once and require each attending diplomat to give a detailed talk on "My Country's Real Ambitions."
2. Give each diplomat a dose of scopolamin, the truth-producing drug, before he starts talking.
3. Have each and every speech broadcast over the radio.
4. See that there is no static interference.

This will start a war which, for speed, size and general satisfaction, will beat anything ever held. The trouble will come when you try to stop it.

Trusting you will have a big year in world conflagrations and that our spring and summer line of cataclysms will merit your continued patronage, I am

Your belligerent servant,

SENATOR O. HOWE DUMM.

(Per H. I. Phillips, Secretary.)

Dictated but not read.



"HE SAID HE DIDN'T KNOW ME FIRST, BUT I TOLD HIM IT WAS BECAUSE I WAS MAKIN' MY MOUTH UP DIFFERENT NOW."

39
years



The ginger ale
for all time

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is probably older than you are. It began its career thirty-nine years ago, and now it's a national figure. *They all like it.*

A lot of Clicquot Club has been made in that span of time. Years of know-how in the making of it, years of putting into it just the taste-qualities that appeal to everybody—small wonder Clicquot knows how to quench a thirst! Small wonder it has its hit-the-right-spot taste—that magic blend of crystal spring water, honest ginger, and a dash of fruit flavors.

Go to Clicquot Club next time you're thirsty—and forever after when you want ginger ale, you'll say *Clicquot Club*. Order by the case from your grocer, druggist or confectioner.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

Clicquot
PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO

Club

Ginger Ale



Clicquot Club
SARSAPARILLA

What a sweet, rich goodness! Cream it up like coffee. That's called Black Cow.

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**26 Different Cleaners
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SPECIAL FOR LIMITED TIME
\$3 DOWN, BALANCE \$5
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Mail Order customers can have their favorite Vacuum Cleaner shipped anywhere on 10 days' free trial; express paid. After trial send \$3. Take advantage of this liberal offer now before it is too late. Mail coupon today or send postal.

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Mail Orders filled anywhere—Express Paid

SPECIAL THIS MONTH
\$29 A well known vacuum cleaner, reduced from \$50. Small charge for easy payments.

Exclusive Agents for Imperial, Price \$61

Clip Coupon Today or Send Postal

Vacuum Cleaner Specialty Co., Dept. 19,
111 W. 42d St., N. Y. Without obligation send me complete particulars and your free trial offer.

Name _____

Address _____

Journalistic Portraits

(Your Baseball Hero as You Picture Him from the Newspapers.)

A big, pleasant, small, glowering man, impervious to criticism and easily hurt. He spends all his time off the field reading poetry, studying sculpture, painting portraits, preparing for law examinations, gambling and carousing. He is so painfully modest that he simply lives on notoriety. He is happily married and single, is an orphan and the sole support of his aged parents.

19,000 Acres Florida Land

on Navigable River, near R. R. in Citrus County, good for colonization proposition, orange groves or investment. Must sell at once to close up estate, \$6 per acre. Edward Hopkins, Reddick, Fla.

Broadcastings

(Continued from page 30)

sex appeal. Unfortunately, nobody is entreating the moving picture audiences not to patronize the moving picture with the strong sex appeal, and the result is that they are buying admission tickets to please themselves and not to please Mr. Will Hays. Query: Whom shall the moving picture manufacturers try to please—Mr. Will Hays or the audiences? The manufacturers believe with Abe Martin that bunk will do you no harm if you don't inhale it, and no doubt they will continue to exhale it in the form of protestations that they are going to make better and better pictures. Privately, however, they have no intention of arguing with the box office, and in spite of Mr. Hays, the public will now get more Flaming Youths, Desires, Passions and Wives, and fewer "Abraham Lincolns" and "Myles Standishes."

MR. HENOSHTEIN said the other day: "My nephew, Elkan Slotkin, the author, has moved down to the lower West Side in the heart of the re-elastic novel district on account of the people in his boarding house putting up such a holler because he done night work on the typewriter. He is trying to get finished a re-elastic novel for early spring delivery, and has got already an offer from a high-grade publisher of either ten per cent. gross on the retail price of each book, in which case he would got to look out for himself, or five per cent. net, and the publisher would furnish the bail and the lawyer and pay all fines. He's going to take up the net offer, on account he thinks that in order to do the thing right, y'understand, as an artist, understand me, he should ought to be able to feel that when he's getting a bit too re-elastic, it's on the house and ain't coming out of his pocket. He's already read me the first three chapters, and believe me, that publisher ain't putting nothing over on the boy, unless of course Elkan should overdo the thing and land himself in jail."

Stoppage

STRANGER: Don't the fast trains ever stop here?

NATIVE: Yep. Had a wreck here once.

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1 carat, \$145.00

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

1 carat	\$ 31.00
1 carat	50.00
1 carat	73.00
1 carats	217.00
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If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co. with privilege of examination.

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The Weekly News-Magazine

"—to give you more information on the news of the day in quicker time than any other publication or combination of publications." The fulfillment of this promise is guaranteed by the publishers.

Yearly subscription - \$5.00


Mail this memo for further details.

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Send me by return mail without any obligation, details about TIME'S system of covering all the news each week.

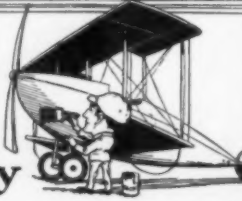
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A Century
Better Than Ever Today



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Brush Manufacturers for Over 114 Years and the Largest in the World

Rhymed Reviews

Riceyman Steps

By Arnold Bennett George H. Doran Co.

THE Steps arise in Clerkenwell
(So Bennett says—I've never been there),

Where now the humbler people dwell,
Though Charles the Second kept Nell Gwyn there.

Beside the Steps there used to be
A bargain bookshop, dark and dingy;
The owner,—neat enough to see
And well-to-do,—was awful stingy.

To him it seemed a noble game
To lure the nimble guinea sackward;
"Earlforward" was the creature's name,—

It really should have been "Count-backward."

He felt the prick of Cupid's barb
When forty-getting-on-to-fifty,
And wooed and wedded Mrs. Arb,
A widow pretty near as thrifty.

To run their house, the canny twain
Engaged the faithful slavey, Elsie;
A sweeter-natured lass in vain
You'll seek from Cricklewood to Chelsea.

Her hair was black, her eyes were blue,
Her life had been a hard and glum one;

But strong she was and kind and true,
And always taking care of some one.

In chilly rooms, on meagre fare
And twenty pounds a year as wages,
She served that penny-pinching pair,
Till, after months that seemed like ages,

Those misers died of being so, —
The doctors called it "malnutrition";
And Elsie married shell-shocked Joe,
A lad of docile disposition.

A. G.



"OUR DIAMONDS HAVE THE SAME PURITY, THE SAME WEIGHT AND THE SAME SPARKLE AS THE GENUINE ARTICLE, AND IN ORDER TO MAKE THE IMITATION PERFECT, WE SELL THEM FOR EXACTLY THE SAME PRICE."

—Le Ruy Blas (Paris).

10 Shaves FREE See Coupon



Don't Buy Yet

First prove our claims—Make this ten-shave test

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

The claims we make on Palmolive Shaving Cream seem hard to believe we know.

So we never ask men to buy. We never state its price—never say that druggists sell it. All we urge or offer is a ten-shave test at our cost.

It is better than we expected

We are masters of soap making. In Palmolive Soap we had created the leading toilet soap of the world. We learned what men wanted in a Shaving Cream. We worked 18 months to meet those desires to the limit. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we satisfied ourselves.

Men were amazed

We did better than we dreamed. This Shaving Cream, when perfected, became an instant sensation. Millions asked us for the 10-shave tube, and flocked to this Cream when they tried it.

They told others about it.

Thus Palmolive Shaving Cream attained the pedestal place, without ever a man being asked to buy.

Now we ask you to make this test. Do it as a courtesy to us. Do it in fairness to yourself. Cut out the coupon now.

HOW IT EXCELS

- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2—Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3—Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
- 4—Extra-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting.
- 5—The palm and olive oil blend brings fine after-effects.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

© P. Co. 1924



10 SHAVES FREE

and a Can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Dept. B-700, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Are pipe-smokers less selfish than other people?

A lot of evidence points that way—maybe some reader can explain it

One can't imagine an ordinary citizen going about telling all his friends where he bought the suit that fits him so well or urging upon his acquaintances the merits of a certain make of shoes—but it's different with pipe-smokers and their tobacco.

Most of them, apparently, won't rest until they have shared their favorite tobacco with every smoking friend.

Read this:

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I wish to take this opportunity of telling you what I think of Edgeworth. Until some months ago I smoked other brands of pipe tobacco and never was satisfied with any of them—never could get any satisfaction from a pipeful. I just happened upon an advertisement one day of yours and asked you to send me some free samples. And ever since I have been smoking it with great pleasure.

At the present time I am working with the Telephone Company and out of twenty men in the gang, fourteen of them smoke Edgeworth now. They never heard of it until I came into the gang.

Yours with satisfaction,
Arthur H. Pfum.

We have chosen Mr. Pfum's letter from among hundreds because he is typical of Edgeworth smokers in that, being happy in his own choice of tobacco, he wants everybody within reach to share his happiness!

We are glad to know that Mr. Pfum has created fourteen new Edgeworth smokers, for experience has shown that they will continue to smoke Edgeworth; and every permanent Edgeworth smoker is living proof that we know our job.

Of course, we don't expect every man to like Edgeworth—but fourteen out of twenty is a pretty good showing.

We'd like mightily to have you pass judgment on Edgeworth. Perhaps you can tell us, then, just what it is that causes our tobacco to make friends and hold them.

Let us send you a free sample of Edgeworth so that you can decide whether you are one of six or one of fourteen. Address Larus & Brother Company, 63 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



Announcing the Muses' Spring Curriculum

IN a conscientious effort to be modern and, above all, progressive, The Nine Muses, Inc., of Parnassus Hall, announce a radical departure from their long-established and somewhat antiquated courses:

Miss Clio Muse, of the history and heroic exploits department, will devote her attention from now on to autobiographies of successful business men, pugilists and ball players, inspirational magazine articles, and popular ambassadorial and theatrical reminiscences.

Miss Euterpe Muse has abandoned the practice of the Dionysiac dance and the double flute in favor of jazz and the saxophone. She will be assisted from ragtime to time by Miss Gilda Gray and Mr. Paul Whiteman.

Miss Thalia Muse will give a series of lectures on modern comedy, with special attention to the Al Woods school and the works of Mr. Avery Hopwood, Mr. Samuel Shipman and Mr. Somerset Maugham.

Miss Melpomene Muse, dean of the Tragedy College, firmly believing there is nothing more tragic, will concentrate in the future upon the dissemination of free and futuristic verse. She will be assisted by Miss Amy Lowell and Miss Gertrude Stein.

Miss Terpsichore Muse will conduct a training table for marathon dancers in connection with a seaside farm for the expression of undraped rhythms. There will be a competent staff of art-photographers in attendance.

Miss Erato Muse, of the erotic poetry and lyre department, will conduct laboratory work in Greenwich Village and Chicago, with the aid of Mr. John Sumner and Mr. Alfred Knopf. She has discarded the lyre for a ukulele. There will be at least one lecture during the season by Mr. D. H. Lawrence.

Miss Polymnia Muse, she of the inspired and stately hymns, will be granted an indefinite leave of absence. She may be heard, however, broadcasting Sunday programs over the radio.

Miss Urania Muse will enlarge her astronomical and celestial phenomena department by venturing into synthetic chemistry, with special emphasis upon alcoholics.

Miss Calliope Muse, head-mistress of Parnassus Hall, has invented and perfected a brass instrument, named for herself, capable of much volume under steam pressure, and will demonstrate its peerless uses in marketing merchandise, announcing coming events in the artistic world, and waking up an indifferent public generally.

Pegasus, the Parnassus Hall mount, has been turned into pasture and will be replaced with a trim fleet of high-powered, 1924 model Fords.

H. W. H.

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs.

Guard your health and your teeth. Keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and make daily use of Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
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Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

HANDS UP!

GET one of these little beauties right now, and protect yourself against hold-up thugs, rascals, etc. and at the same time it serves as the best novelty cigarette case ever invented.

Made exactly like the real thing! Just pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing a full package of your cigarettes.

Lots of fun scaring your friends and at the same time useful and a great protector.

Made of light weight metal, gun metal finish, 4 1/2 inches long, sold exclusively by us. Order at once, supply limited. Special introductory price \$1.79 each. Pay postman on delivery our price plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.

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PROTECT YOUR MA JONG SETS

Winter's Cleaning Fluid protects Ivory and Bone, and expands Bamboo.

Send your name and address

\$1.25

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681 Fifth Avenue, New York

A Few Popular Beliefs

(Which Happen to Be Mainly True)

THAT the average husband, upon returning home from an arduous day of toil, had much rather pass the evening by the fireside than dine out with the Tompkins.

That there are millions of dollars to be made in the bootlegging business.

That scandal is rife among moving-picture folk.

That most people who speculate in Wall Street eventually lose their shirts.

That the majority of fashionable restaurants are extremely expensive.

That it is impossible to rent an apartment in New York at a very low figure.

That the city is full of gunmen.

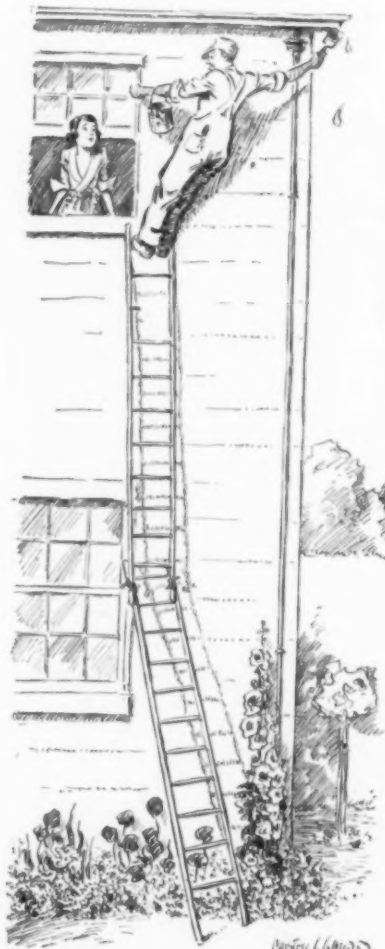
That politics is full of hocus-pocus.

That bluff is a factor of no mean importance in modern business.

That it is impossible to argue with a woman.

"WHAT makes them such good friends?"

"What they don't know about each other."



HIGHER HOUSEKEEPING

She (sweetly): YOU'LL BE VERY CAREFUL NOT TO DROP ANY PAINT ON MY FLOWER BED, WON'T YOU?

Is this the End of Falling Hair and Baldness?

Costs Nothing

Unless we grow hair. The Van Ess 3-bottle treatment is absolutely guaranteed. You are the sole judge. The warrant is given by your own drug or department store. All we require is their signature showing you have purchased a ninety-day treatment. If it fails, we refund your money.



4 in 7 Bald at 40

—91% needlessly, Investigation Shows!

Science discovers baldness due to Simple Infection (Sebum). Now usually overcomes it. Hair actually grown on 91 heads in 100.

Written Guarantee to Grow Hair

This is a direct offer to grow hair on your head. An offer backed by written guarantee, given by your own drug or department store. If we fail, it costs you nothing. Over 300,000 women have made this test in the last two years.

Science has recently made amazing discoveries in hair treatment. It has learned that while 4 in 7 are either bald, or partly bald, at 40, only about nine in a hundred need ever be bald. Hair roots seldom die. They can be revived. We have proved this by re-growing hair on 91 heads in 100.

Highest authorities approve this new way. Great dermatologists now employ it—many charge as much as \$300.00 for the same basic treatment. Baldness is not a disease. It is merely a symptom of infection—of infected scalp oil called Sebum.

Infected Sebum

Sebum is an oil. It forms at the follicles of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil.

But it often becomes infected. It clogs on the scalp; clogs the follicles and plugs them. Germs by the millions then start to feed upon the hair. Semi-baldness comes first; then comes total baldness. But remove that infection and your hair will usually return. We back this statement with a money-back guarantee. Hence it is folly for any one with falling hair not to make the test.

Now We Remove It

Our treatment is based on new principles. It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It kills infection—removes the infectious Sebum. Falling hair stops. It revives the sickly, undernourished hair roots, makes new hair grow. Remember, it is guaranteed.

Warrant Given by Your Dealer

The guarantee is positive, and promptly met. You are the judge. Your own drug or department store gives it with each 3-bottle purchase. Go today, ask for the Van Ess Treatment. If your drug or department store cannot supply you—use the coupon. \$1.50 per bottle. If you order a 3-bottle, 90-day treatment, we will send you a written money-back guarantee. Send no money, we will supply by parcel post, collect. Orders from outside U. S. A. must be accompanied by postal money order.



Note This New Way—

It Massages the Treatment Directly into the Follicles of the Hair

You can see from illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic." You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and the nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp where it can do some good. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

VAN ESS
Liquid Scalp Massage

VAN ESS LABORATORIES, Inc.,
54 E. Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send _____ bottles Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage, parcel post. I enclose no money, but agree to pay the postman when he calls.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

The Modern Lullaby

THE general hatred of alarm clocks is due to persistence of the idea that alarm clocks are meant to get you out of bed. This is, of course, ridiculous; they don't do any such thing. If you really have to get up at a certain time, don't ask the alarm clock for help; simply fix an hour in your mind and when it comes round you will find you are there waiting for it. This is the sure way, because you creep up on it; if you have eight o'clock on your mind, you will come at it gradually by waking up first at 4:00, then again at 5:00, then at 5:45, then at 6:30, then at 7:00, then at 7:20, then at 7:30, then at 7:35, and so forth, until, when eight o'clock comes, you will more than likely be half-shaved.

We Connoisseurs of Sleep use the alarm clock not for waking up but for going to sleep; from long experience we have observed that it is not the sleep before midnight that exalts a man, but the sleep after he has put one of those alarm clocks out of business. Thus, we commonly store the clock away during the week and use it as a luxury on Sundays and holidays.

A point on which we Connoisseurs are still divided is whether it is nobler to get up and shut the thing off or to let it run down. This is a small matter, but it is well to have the procedure fixed in your mind beforehand; otherwise you may vacillate and wake up.

There are various other questions which the Order has taken up at one time or another, the most noteworthy being the investigation to find out the exact instant at which these clocks reach their maximum efficiency. You must know at just what hour to set it or the effect will be lost; if you set it too early the effect will be ruined from lack of subtlety; if you set it too late you will wake up first. No definite conclusion has yet been reached; the answer is probably that every one must work it out to suit his individual taste. We true disciples of Morpheus on Saturday nights customarily set our clocks about 6:30 or 7:00, and go to bed with enthusiasm, knowing full well that when the machine explodes it is nothing more than a clarion call telling us that we have just begun to sleep. B. F.

If

If I were a famous illustrator—
I'd never draw a pretty girl for a magazine cover,
I'd never draw a college man in a high-neck sweater,
I'd always read a story before I did the illustrations for it,
I'd admit that at least a few Art Editors know something about art,
And occasionally I'd pronounce "art" without a capital "a."
But don't worry; I can't draw at all.
A. C. M. A., Jr.

BEST BOOKS

THE
BEST MOVING PICTURES
of 1922-1923

and the
YEAR BOOK OF THE
AMERICAN SCREEN

Also
WHO'S WHO IN THE MOVIES

Edited by
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
Silent Drama Editor of LIFE

\$2.50 net

SMALL MAYNARD
AND COMPANY - PUBLISHERS

A Stenographer-Mother's Philosophy

ALL day I take their silly talk, and make it into little signs,
And then I take the little signs and change them back to silly talk,
And for this silly, silly task—and God knows why they want it done—
They pay me gold, dear, precious gold, with which I buy you bread and milk.
And then you eat the bread and milk and make it into rosy cheeks,
And then I take the rosy cheeks—and plant a kiss on this, on that,
And then you laugh and snuggle close—and heaven is very near to us;
And that is why God lets men make their silly, silly endless talk.

Alysia.

"Wonderful, isn't it, the number of automobiles one sees?"

"Yes, and mighty fortunate."

THANK heaven, life is not so tragic as it appears in the comic strips.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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Goldsmiths and Silversmiths
 New York-636 Fifth Avenue (corner of 51st Street)
 Chicago-618 So. Michigan Avenue.



Four Old English Silver Candlesticks made by John Scofield in 1779 during the reign of George III.



THE TEMPTRESS

"NO, I CAN'T COME OUT; I'M BRUSHIN' MOTHER'S HAIR."
 "WHY DON'T YOU BRING IT OUT HERE AND BRUSH IT?"

No Need for a Magic Carpet

The magic carpet of olden times that transported its owner through space is no longer necessary. While a gifted author like E. Phillips Oppenheim writes for you, it is possible for you to be transported through time and space, from your library chair into realms of romance, adventure and thrilling action.

A palatial yacht, steaming away from Monte Carlo under starry skies! In the dining-room beautiful women and courtly men; below in a stateroom two men, host and guest, with a revolver between!

This is only one of the thrilling incidents of

THE WRATH TO COME

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

the gifted author of "The Great Impersonation," who has woven a gripping story of love, hate and revenge on a background of powerful international intrigue.

With his highest art, this writer of fiction presents a prophetic picture of impending danger to America. He shows conflict, the essence of plot, between woman and woman, the American hero and foreign diplomats, and brightens the whole story with variety of locale and brilliant dialogue.

How Grant Slattery, the hero, discovers the intrigue, thwarts the schemers, and finds love at last makes a story of cumulative interest that holds the reader from first page to last.

Read THE WRATH TO COME. It is too important to miss.

\$2.00 at all Booksellers

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Yellowstone Park



"In Gardiner,
Out Cody"

Opens June 20

\$56⁵⁰

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from Chicago

The tour through
Yellowstone Park is
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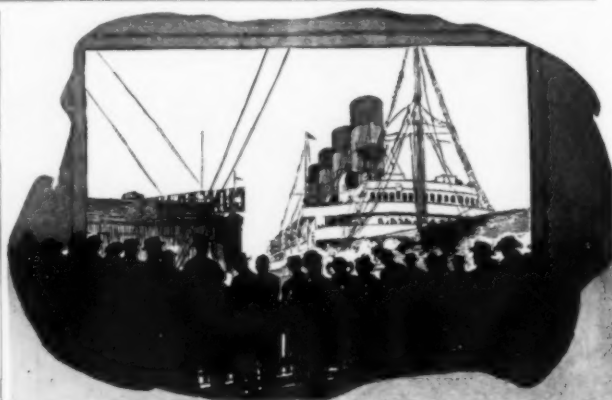
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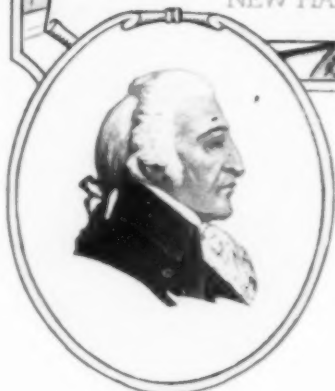

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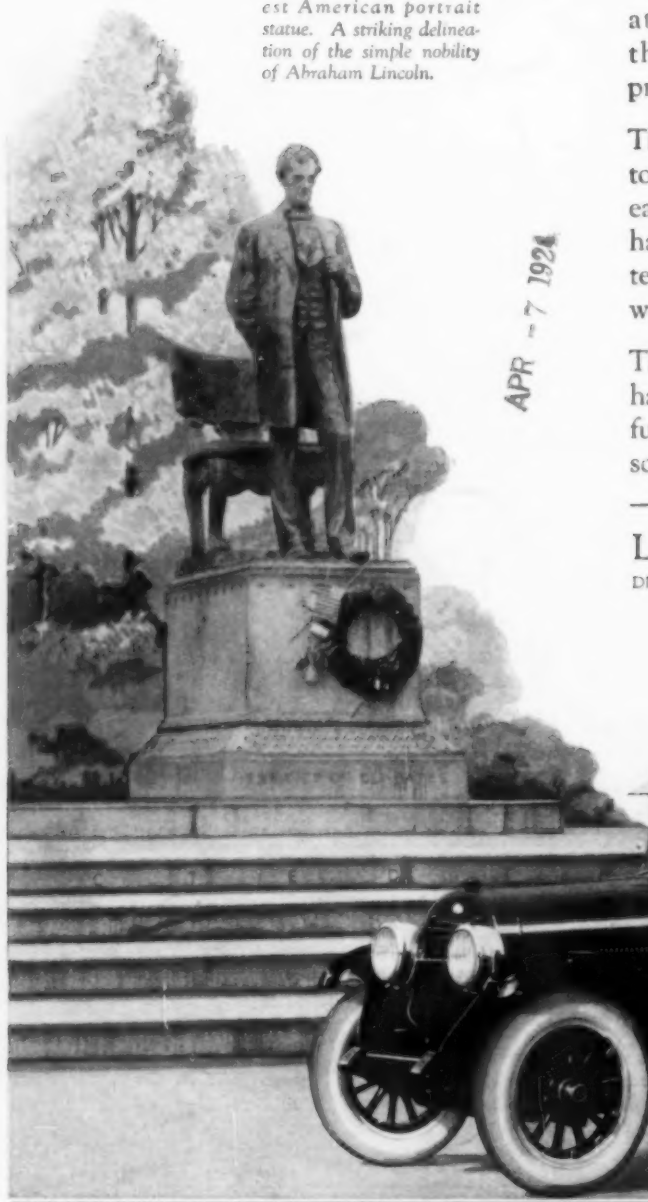
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